The Nation.

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The Week.

MR. BRYAN favors the *Journal* by telegraph with his personal forecast of next month's election. In one sentence, among his reasons for expecting victory, he says; "The gold standard makes a dearer dollar, a dearer dollar means falling prices, and falling prices mean hard times." These catchwords are designed as usual to influence the farmer, and so they perhaps would have done five or six months ago, when grain prices were falling under the promise of especially large crops the world over. But they must ring curiously in the ears of a Kansas or Nebraska farmer, when the wheat market is bidding him, for immediate delivery, 12 to 13 cents more than it bid two months ago, with nearly as great a rise in the price of contracts for later months. Mr. Bryan may not have heard of this advance in wheat. We venture, however, our prediction that many a Bryanite orator, repeating Bryan's words on the Western stump this fall, will hear from his audience the ominous interpolation: "What about wheat and corn?" The orator will not say the truth by answering that the chief cause of the rise is shortage in the foreign crops, because, if he answers thus, he is well aware that the "dearer dollar" sophistry must cease. In short, since the advance in grain, the free-coinage orator, even on the farms, must devote his energies to explanations and apologies—precisely the kind of argument which now makes up the substance of his speeches elsewhere. The rise in grain is undoubtedly a final blow at the frail structure of the Bryan canvass.

Our own views about the political situation at the present time and the outlook for the election do not need to be restated. We regard the situation to-day as most encouraging for the advocates of sound money, and the prospect for the 3d of November as altogether hopeful. The defeat of Bryan by an overwhelming majority seems to us as well assured as any future event ever can be. We reach this conclusion, not on the basis of "claims" by politicians who support McKinley, or of "canvasses" by Republican committees, but on the basis of great and, in our opinion, absolutely irresistible forces which are working against the Populistic candidate. No man has ever yet been elected President of the United States who was not supported by a large proportion of the character, ability, and statesmanship of the nation; Bryan has in the whole country hardly one advocate who commands the confidence of the people, while his most prominent supporters are such discredited politicians as Tillman, Altgeld, and Weaver. No man has ever yet been elected President whom the business interests of the country—including in that term the great mass of bankers, merchants, manufacturers (on a small scale as well as a large), storekeepers—distrusted and opposed as unsafe; these interests in the controlling states are substantially unanimous against Bryan. No man has ever yet been elected President, since the growth of the anti-slavery sentiment gave the Republicans their victory in 1860, when he represented a cause which enabled the moral issue to be raised against him; the proposal of the free-coinage men to repudiate half of all debts, public and private, makes Bryan the representative of the cause of dishonesty.

A striking proof of the extent to which the intelligence of the country is arrayed against free coinage is furnished by a canvass of college and university presidents in the South and West made by the Philadelphia *Press*. Every one of the fifteen heard from is opposed to Bryan's election. Most of them will vote for McKinley, although more than one has been a Cleveland Democrat; but the Chancellor of Central University at Richmond, Ky., and the head of Trinity University at Tehuacana, Tex., support Palmer. Every member of the faculty in these last two institutions will vote the same way as their heads, and the reports show a near approach to unanimity against Bryan everywhere. Such a showing as this in States of the West and South where free-silver sentiment has been very strong, is far more significant than similar unanimity of sentiment among the faculties of educational institutions in the northeastern part of the country. The truth is that there has never been a campaign in which the educated men of the nation were so overwhelmingly for one side as they are for sound money this year. It is also true that there has never been a campaign in which one party received so little support from the press as the Bryan fusion gets this year, a large proportion of the ablest Democratic newspapers openly opposing it, while the perfunctory support given it by many party journals in the South is so contemptuous as to be little better than open opposition—the Mobile *Register*, for example, saying that it knows the policy which Bryan advocates would ruin the country, but that it does not believe he would carry the policy out if he should be elected! Equally striking is the absence of any support of the Populistic cause on the stump from Democratic speakers of character and standing; nothing like it has ever been seen. The success of a movement which finds so little favor with the intelligence of the nation would set at defiance all the laws that have governed elections.

The results of the Connecticut town elections on Monday are no less significant of the drift of public opinion than those of the State elections in Vermont and Maine last month. While local issues have their influence upon these contests, experience has shown that, taking the 163 towns together, the Republicans carry an unusually large proportion in the October of a year when that party is to sweep the country in November, while the Democratic proportion is swollen when the country is preparing to render a verdict in favor of that party. Thus in October, 1892, the Democrats carried 51 towns to 73 Republican and 40 divided, and in November Cleveland carried the State by 5,367 over Harrison; while in October, 1894, with 30 towns divided, the Democrats carried only 32 against 102 for the Republicans, and the latter party the next month elected its candidate for Governor by 17,688 plurality. This was supposed to be high-water mark for the Republicans, but they made a still better showing on Monday, and the indications now are that McKinley will have anywhere from 20,000 to 30,000 more votes than Bryan next month in a State which, since the Democratic split of 1860, has gone Democratic in half of the eight Presidential elections, and which gave Grant only 4,758 plurality in 1872, when Democracy collapsed under the Greeley candidacy.

Minnesota is one of those Western States which ought to go for Bryan if there is anything in the Populist alliance, for in 1892 a combination of the Democratic and Populist parties would have left Harrison more than 8,000 short of a majority, and, even with the "tidal wave" setting toward the Republicans so strongly in 1894, they would have had less than 6,000 majority if their opponents had successfully "fused." But even the chairman of the Bryan Democratic State committee can say nothing more encouraging to the New York *Journal* than that "at best, under present conditions, we can only consider it doubtful"—which is virtually an admission that McKinley will carry it. The reasons for this distrust on the part of the Bryanites are to be found in a canvass of the State that is being made by the St. Paul *Globe*, which shows that sound-money sentiment is very strong among those voters of foreign birth and parentage who constitute about three-fourths of the whole number. Nearly half of this foreign element is Scandinavian, and almost half of the remainder German.

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The authenticity of the circular to the silver-mine owners, calling upon them to contribute to the Bryan campaign fund because his election would enable them to make a clear profit of 64 cents an ounce upon all their silver, seems to be undisputed. It throws a glaring light upon the spectacle of Mr. Bryan as a daily denouncer of Trusts and syndicates, for it puts him before the country as the candidate of the most shameless syndicate this or any other country has ever known—a syndicate of mine-owners who are endeavoring to delude the country into paying them double the market price for their product, at the cost of national honor, business and industrial stability, and the general welfare. No such "friend of the the people" as this has ever before run for the Presidency. One of the largest of the mine-owners, J. J. Hagerman, has written a letter declining to contribute, for these reasons:

"After mature deliberation I have concluded that the danger likely to follow the success of the Democratic-Populist combination would outweigh any possible benefit, and I can't contribute to the Democratic campaign fund, either personally or through the companies in which I am interested."

It may be that refusals of this kind have made the Bryanites so desperate that they have put forth the appeal in the hope of convincing the mine-owners that they do not understand their own business, and that in the midst of financial, industrial, and commercial chaos, silver would rise in price to double its present figure and remain there indefinitely.

It cannot, of course, be demanded that all Republican orators and leaders in this campaign should have a clear record on the silver question. Entire consistency is too much to expect in politicians who take their opinions from vacillating party platforms. But we do think that Republicans who have done their best within two years to encourage the silver madness and profit by it, who have thrown away their convictions and tried to outbid the maddest demagogues in attempts to win the cheap-money vote, should either be kept off the stump altogether, or ordered to talk only about the Supreme Court and the Monroe Doctrine, or compelled to preface their remarks on the silver issue by a profession of hearty repentance for their own wicked mischief-making. Here, for instance, was Senator Lodge at the meeting in Carnegie Hall on September 28, receiving, according to the *Herald's* account, "the ovation of the evening," for his "terse and scathing arraignment of the sponsors of the silver movement." He should have included himself in the arraignment, for no man has been more reckless or shameless in pandering to the silver party and inflaming it to the point of desperation. His bad record, which we have repeatedly set forth, has been, we believe, so often flung in his face in Massachusetts that even he has not had the hardihood to do much speaking there. He ought not to appear on a platform in New York or anywhere else to "arraign" the free silver movement, except in the garb of a penitent, with sheet and candle, and repeating the penitential psalms.

Prof. John L. Morris, director of the machine-shops of Sibley College, at Cornell University, a life-long Democrat, was recently travelling in the far West, when a man in the seat beside him exclaimed, "I am a Democrat and I am for free coinage. We want more silver dollars, and we are bound to have them." Thereupon Prof. Morris grasped the man by the hand most heartily and said, "My dear friend, I am with you; I am a Democrat, too; I want more dollars, too; you are just the man I have been looking for; for I want to know how you and I are going to get them. I see how the owners of the mines are going to get them coined by the Government free of expense; and how the governments of Europe that have old silver to sell are going to get them on the same terms, and how they are to make a big profit out of us; but where do *we* come in? How are *we* going to get them? The mine-owners and foreign governments won't give those dollars to us after the Government has coined them; you and I are too proud to beg them, and too honest to steal them; how are we going to get them? What I want to know is, what your plan is to get them from these mine-owners without working for them just as hard as we do now. You and I have both worked a great many years, and pretty hard too, I judge; and now how are we to get our share of all this silver, after the Government has coined it free for the big silver-mine owners?" At this Prof. Morris's new friend seemed much embarrassed, and, after trying to discuss the subject for a little time, gave it up, and confessed that he couldn't see where anybody but the mining monopolists and the foreign governments with old silver to sell came in for any profit. Prof. Morris expressed his regret to his friend at not receiving any enlightenment, and said that he didn't feel able to pay taxes to enrich silver-mine monopolists, and that, though a life-long Democrat, he saw no way but to vote this fall for McKinley.

There is nothing surprising in the Government's very unfavorable revenue statement for September. The month's expenditures exceed the revenue by $1,995,291, as against a surplus revenue of $2,771,000 in September, 1895. Most of the deficit last month was caused by the heavy shrinkage in receipts from customs. Last year September's revenue from this source aggregated $14,654,000; this year it barely exceeds $11,000,000. We say that no one will be surprised at such a shrinkage, because the majority of observant people are familiar with the forces recently at work to affect the customs revenue. Last month's report of the Bureau of Statistics showed a decrease for the month of August, in dutiable imports, of $6,647,939. In September there is reason to believe that the decrease from 1895 was even heavier. It does not need the intellect of professional economists to discover that if taxable imports decrease heavily in volume, the tax receipts will decrease also. We notice, however, in the *Tribune* and other oracles of protectionist philosophy, a different interpretation. The decrease is not, according to these authorities, a matter of exceptional trade conditions; it merely tells "the same old story that has been told by these statements nearly every month since the Wilson-Gorman tariff bill became law."

Now, we do not suppose that any one defends the so-called Wilson act as a model revenue measure. The handicaps and obstacles with which its authors had to deal are recent enough in history not to be yet forgotten. A properly regulated sugar duty, for example, would have more than cancelled all this deficit, when our raw sugar imports have increased, this season, upwards of $20,000,000. But there is some element of humor in the effort of protectionists to throw the blame of last month's deficit upon a low-tariff measure. All readers of protection literature are aware that the chief purpose of protective tariffs is to keep out foreign products; in other words, to cut down the annual aggregate of importations. Very well; their wish has been achieved. During the eight months ending August 31, total imports of merchandise decreased $64,500,000, or nearly 14 per cent., from 1895. Could the protectionist ask a greater boon? It is true that this reduction cuts away the tariff revenue, and that so far the law under which the foreign importations fell will be popularly looked on as a factor in the deficit. But what else can protectionists expect from a radical tariff measure of their own? They tried their own experiment in 1890, and have often told us what beneficent results and what unparalleled public and private prosperity came with the first two years of the McKinley law. Well, the customs revenue of the United States, which was $229,668,584 during the fiscal year 1890, dropped to $177,452,964 in "the year of prosperity," 1892; and before 1893 had fairly opened, the Republican Secretary of the Treasury was defaulting on his legal payment into the sinking-fund.

The grave and urgent nature of the Treasury embarrassments which the next session of Congress and the next administration will have to confront is indicated in the statement of receipts and expenditures for the first quarter of the fiscal year. For the three months a deficit is shown of $25,000,000. At least $10,000,000 of this is due to the increased

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expenditures voted by a Congress which refused to vote a dollar of increased revenue. But it is idle to waste time in apportioning responsibility. Here is the Treasury running behind at the rate of $100,000,000 a year. That means infallibly in time the drawing down of the Treasury's gold to pay its debts, or the issue of more bonds. Has either party, either candidate, the glimmerings of a financial programme to meet this situation? Has Speaker Reed a plan to throttle congressional extravagance? Has McKinley any idea of how he is going to get a revenue bill through Congress? If so, no one has heard of it. We agree that the first duty is to kill repudiation, to sustain the standard of value; but the really critical question after November 3 will be, What is to be done with the national finances? To that question neither party appears to have the faintest notion of what answer to give.

Cuba is furnishing a near-by example of the beauties of government regulation of the value of money on the Bryan plan. Captain-General Weyler had a deficient supply of cash, and so he had the Banco Español put out a lot of paper money, and issued a stringent edict that everybody should take it at par with gold. As the island is practically under martial law, here was Government control of the currency at its best. If you didn't take the bank bills at par, you were liable to be shot. Even Bryan couldn't do more for silver than that. But did the edict keep the banknotes at par? Not for a day. Almost instantly they were at a discount, which soon amounted to 20 per cent. Even with guns and bayonets you cannot make 80 cents equal a dollar. Weyler has had to give up trying. He has finally allowed the Havana Stock Exchange to quote the value of the bank-bills in gold. We were going to say that this proves the powerlessness of law to establish the value of money, but we remember in time that Cuba has less than 2,000,000 population to our 70,000,000, that she never put down the greatest rebellion of modern times, that her inhabitants are not the richest, proudest, most intelligent people on earth, and so we are not so sure. Her case is only a part of universal experience, but we have changed all that.

The frantic and completely unprecedented reception given to the Emperor of Russia in France shows, not the love or respect of the French for Russia, but the popular craving for a strong ally. As such it is likely to send a tremor through the Germans. This is further indicated by the failure to send invitations to the foreign diplomatists to some of the leading events of the fête. This is ascribed by the well-informed correspondent of the London *Times* to a desire on the part of the French to keep the Czar entirely to themselves, and not let the foreigners have any part in influencing him or in appearing to influence him. As a display of greediness this is likely to create bad feeling. The effort of the French is, of course, to give the affair a political bearing, of other nations to keep it purely social. The Czar himself seems by his visit to Berlin and Balmoral to wish to appear to be everybody's friend, but the French seem determined by the fury of their reception to try to frustrate this design. Why should they make such a tremendous fuss about him if he was not their special friend?

The London *Daily News*, speaking of the difficulty England has had in coming to any agreement with Russia about Turkey, makes the pregnant remark that England "has never bid high enough"—that is, has never frankly offered what Russia notoriously wants—Constantinople. There is not a doubt that if this offer were made the Turkish horrors would soon cease. That the idea of settling the Eastern question in this way has begun to enter the English mind is a good sign, even if it does not bring about this result at once, because it indicates the renewal of friendly relations with Russia after seventy years of suspicion. But if Lord Salisbury is not willing to throw Constantinople into Russian hands at once, he will have much to say in favor of delay. It is hardly possible that Russia could be long at Constantinople without menacing the independence of Bulgaria and Greece, and annexing a large portion of Asia Minor—without, in short, substantially restoring the old Greek Empire. All this territory has gone with Constantinople for nearly two thousand years. Constantinople is its natural capital. It is still to the mass of the people "Room," or Rome. With a strong absorbing power at Constantinople it would be almost impossible to prevent these young communities from being swallowed up by it. It must be remembered that they all enjoy representative government, and are acquiring, little by little, the art of self-rule, after four hundred years of frightful oppression, and have a free press. With the advent of Russia to Constantinople, great as would be the gain for civilization, we fear this new-born liberty would take its departure. It must not be forgotten that Russia is the only despotic country left in Europe, the only one without some sort of constitutional government, without free speech or representative institutions, or in which a man can be condemned by "administrative order." So that although it would be a great gain to have her take hold of the Turks and all barbarous countries, her predominance in countries which are learning to govern themselves by discussion, would be a doubtful good.

Austria has shown very great ability in civilizing a Turkish province by her administration of Bosnia and Herzegovina since 1878. There was no more disturbed portion of the Turkish Empire, or one in which the treatment of the Christians was more ferocious. Since Austria has taken possession, it has really been civilized. Law and order have been established, schools have started, railroads have been made, all creeds have learned to dwell together in peace if not amity, and the executive is assisted by a rudimentary parliament in the shape of a council of ecclesiastical dignitaries and twelve popular representatives. So that we might fairly hope that if Austria could get to Constantinople, the city would rapidly become again, as it was for one thousand years, a great centre of civilization. But whether she ever can or not, whether she would not have to force her way sword in hand, whether the city can ever belong to any one but Russia without a war, are the secrets of the future. We mention them as showing how reasonable it is for an English statesman to think twice before he says to Russia: "Take Constantinople and call it square."

The latest rumor about a settlement of the Armenian question is that a special region is to be assigned the Armenians within which their safety is to be guaranteed by the Sultan, with the Powers ready to enforce it if necessary. This is a copy of the pale of Jewish settlement in Russia. But to call this a solution of the difficulty is absurd. The Treaty of Berlin guaranteed safety to the Armenians throughout the whole Turkish Empire, and the Powers were to see that the Sultan's pledge was made good. It is evident now that that pledge was worthless from the day it was given. So was the Sultan's promise last fall to begin "reforms." Any piece of paper to which that name is now put ought to be protested on sight. If the Powers wait to see this new guarantee executed, they will simply be waiting for new massacres "paraded," as Mr. Gladstone said, "under the eyes of every court in Europe." Even if the Powers propose at once to take hold, ignore the Sultan, and protect life and property in the Armenian zone, what hardships for the Armenians and humiliations for Europe would be involved. The Armenians are among the most enterprising of the Sultan's subjects, and are now settled and engaged in business in various parts of the empire. Under the new plan they would all have to be deported to a single section. Moreover, what would this new protection amount to but the drawing of a sort of dead line? Inside it the Armenians are Christians and gentlemen, whom Europe will not allow the Turk to touch; but outside it they are vile dogs, whom he may hack to pieces at his ease. The effect would not be much better than the talk about withdrawing Ambassadors from Constantinople.

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BRYANITE UNTEACHABLENESS.

Any one who heard Bryan speak at Tammany Hall on Tuesday week must feel that both he and his followers are now beyond the reach of discussion. In a democracy it is a serious matter to have any large portion of the community in this condition, because the Government is carried on by discussion, and Government by discussion implies that those who know most of any subject shall at least have a hearing, and that their arguments shall be answered. If it should prove that Bryan's supporters are a large body, the opening of their minds, not so much to our views as to all views from which they differ, should be the work of reformers for the next ten years. All democracies or quasi-democracies which have had any measure of success, have owed it to the custom of giving attention to employing their ablest men, and treating each question through those who have most familiarity with it. In fact, politics succeeds, just as business succeeds, by the use of the greatest knowledge and the best talent. Nobody expects a weak man, ignorant of the business, to make a fortune in shoes or dry goods. If a man were to tell us he was going to make a fortune in either because he was poor or could make a good speech, we should laugh at him. It is so in all other occupations. Knowledge and ability carry the day. The man who thinks he knows when he does not know, and thinks he is able when he is not able, and will not listen to what any one says to him, goes to the wall; that is, speedily makes an assignment or absconds.

In all previous campaigns there was a question which had two sides, and both sides were listened to, and as a general rule the facts were agreed on. The existence of slavery, the prospects of the war, the continuance of the army at the South, the desirableness of greenbacks, the necessity of a high tariff, were all controversies fought out on the stump and at the polls on acknowledged facts. The peculiarity of this campaign is that the Bryanites have a set of facts of their own, of which their opponents know nothing, and they will not listen to anybody who does not admit these facts to be true. Bryan, for instance, gave at Tammany Hall an account of the causes for the flow of gold to and from this country, not one word of which would be admitted by anybody who had the slightest familiarity with the operations of trade or commerce or exchange; and yet if a merchant or a banker were to have got up, immediately after Bryan, to present his side of the subject, he would not have been listened to. He would have been howled down as an interested person, as a "gold-bug," who was himself engaged in "cornering" or "draining away" the gold. Bryan also made the statement that "bankers" run or rule this country; but if a banker had risen to ask for details, or to show that this could not be true, he would not have been listened to, for the simple reason that he was a banker. In other words, his competency to discuss the subject through knowledge would to Bryanites have proved his incompetency.

If, as we have said, the Bryanites should prove to be a large body of voters, this would be a very serious matter. Their very existence would be a standing menace to the Government, because it would indicate that a large proportion of our population not only are ignorant, but are unwilling to be taught. Ignorance which knows itself to be ignorant and is willing to be taught, is not a very dangerous thing. English, French, German, and Italian ignorance is all of this character. The ignorant in those countries acknowledge their ignorance, and, when they have to deal with public matters of importance, simply designate by their votes the persons to whom they wish to confide them, and, in making this designation, assume, in a general way, that these persons have some special knowledge. In all civilized countries bankers are consulted about public finance, engineers are consulted about roads and tunnels, soldiers are consulted about war, lawyers about law, and electricians about electricity. This is the only way, in fact, in which government in our day can be carried on. The knowledge required for the administration of a great state is now so varied and so complicated that it is only by taking the opinions of specialists that civilization can be maintained. The Bryanites have started the theory, however, that all you need in order to be a political philosopher is to be short of money and to honor silver. Not only this, but every man who is not poor, and looks on silver as on iron or copper, as a metal, is excluded from all authority on public affairs. But no matter what the rights and wrongs of any public question may be, no state can remain civilized and progressive which makes no use of learning and experience.

We have seen from the beginning in Bryanism the consequences of the folly, or neglect, or rash utterances of people who are now very much alarmed by Bryanism, and wish it could be got rid of. In listening to the Bryanites, therefore, about foreign exchange and the need of a purely "American" system of finance, made up of paper or cheap metal, we cannot help believing that their wild notions are largely due to the protectionist teaching of thirty years, with the accompanying aspirations for a Chinese wall around the United States, and deep-seated hatred of foreigners. Only in 1890 Republican orators of repute were on the stump preaching that one of McKinley's strongest claims to fame and confidence rested on the assumed fact that foreigners hated him. In fact, we were told that foreign hatred was the American statesman's glory. We had to sell more than we bought and get our price in gold. The departure of gold was a public misfortune. Foreign commerce was apparently an inevitable calamity. In fact, nearly all the doctrines about foreign exchange which were deemed necessary to uphold the tariff led naturally to Bryanism, after being thrown promiscuously for a few years into the minds of ignorant men, pressed by misfortune.

THE BYGONE OPINIONS OF PUBLIC MEN.

The Hartford *Courant* says:

> "What Major McKinley thought and wrote half-a-dozen years ago is a matter of not the slightest present consequence. He stands squarely upon the St. Louis platform. His speeches on the money question leave nothing to be desired. He is avowedly and unequivocally for the maintenance of the gold standard."

This is pushing the doctrine a good deal too far. We have agreed to consider what Mr. McKinley said six or eight years ago as of small or no consequence compared to what Bryan is saying now, but we have not agreed to consider what Mr. McKinley has been saying about silver for the last eight years of no consequence at all. The persistent utterances of any public man on any great public question ought to be of great consequence, and must be, as long as utterances are expressions of character and thought. Any man who talks about finance for eight years, and promulgates decided opinions about it, is supposed to have thought and read about it. In other words, his utterances are in every country something in the nature of public instruction. He who has studied the subject is supposed to communicate the result of his investigations to people who have not had time to do so. If he has not studied it, does not understand it, and has no fixed convictions about it, he commits a fraud on the people. This is what makes it of consequence what a public man said six years ago publicly about anything, unless he was at that time a very young man. If he believed what he said then, and what he said then is totally different from what he says now, and he has no explanation to offer of the change, something must be wrong with his mental or moral apparatus. Of course a public man, like any other man, may change his mind. But when he does, he owes it to the world to say he has changed it, and explain why, as Sir Robert Peel did with regard to the tariff, or Mr. Gladstone with regard to Irish home rule. If the *Courant's* doctrine were generally accepted by the public, it would strike a terrible blow at public morality, for it would release every politician from all responsibility for his utterances. Anybody might say anything he pleased about anything, knowing that he might the next week say something entirely different, and not suffer for it. We, then, might as well pick up young men in the street and make statesmen of them on the sole condition that they were glib. What would soon become of a government carried on in this way?

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To our minds the Bryan performances are not by any means the only serious thing in this crisis. The things he is able to quote from McKinley, Sherman, Reed, Lodge, and nearly every Republican public man are full as serious. They have all been saying by fits and starts for twenty years very much what he is saying now, knowing they could say something else, as they are now doing, whenever the occasion called for it. This is one of the sorrows of our position. Nearly all our champions have long been supplying the enemy with ammunition, and only left him when he took the field against us. We could reconcile ourselves to this better if they would now come out honestly and retract and explain, say they have changed their minds, seeing where their doctrines would lead us and what arrant nonsense they were conniving at. We do not mean to say that all were equally guilty. Some told lies knowing well they were lying, and meaning to tell another story by and by. Some, on the other hand, told untruths from mere stupidity and ignorance. The mixture of protection and free coinage of which Mr. McKinley was guilty in 1890, and his determination to "honor" silver, were the consequence simply of having no clear knowledge of what he was talking about. He did not know that money was a measure of value; he thought it was simply an American product that badly needed protection. He is not to be blamed, we admit, if the turn of events has converted him into an advocate of sound money and the gold standard. He has always said to "the party," "I think what you think about everything under the sun, only, for heaven's sake, don't change your mind too often."

The best thing to be said for Mr. McKinley is that he was not much worse than the others. Even Mr. Reed, who managed to keep so discreetly silent about finance for six months before the nomination, produced in June, 1894, in the *Fortnightly Review*, a scheme for union among the bimetallic nations, to persecute the gold-standard nations, or, in other words, to fix on "such a scale of high tariffs against those nations which reject the monetary agreement as will go far to insure us a favorable balance of trade." He got this crazy scheme apparently from Senator Lodge, or Lodge got it from him; but no one who reads it can help asking why is Bryan considered such a silly fool, for Mr. Reed is now one of our best gold-standard champions.

We, for our part, cannot help hoping, nay believing, that the fright Bryan has given these reeds shaken in the wind by showing them in black and white the results of twenty years of demagogy and insincerity and false teaching, will have a salutary effect. It will do something to impress on them the necessity either of keeping silent about things they do not understand, or of speaking their honest thought. We see now what compromising, placating, and deceiving lead to. On no subject is it more dangerous or mischievous than finance, for finance is largely arithmetic. The only way to meet a lie is, as Lowell says, to meet it "in arms." It will not do to say that it is a pleasing lie, or only a lie sometimes, or an inopportune lie, or a people's lie, or a good lie to tell to foreigners. A lie is a lie wherever met, and humbug is humbug.

SILVER COIN AND BULLION IN COMMERCE.

Some attention has been called to the export figures of silver, and a curious and very misleading conclusion drawn from them. The domestic exports of silver in 1895 were $40,073,222, and in 1896, $52,518,575. Therefore, say the silver men, "Our silver is demanded abroad, and a silver dollar moves as freely outside of the country as within it. Were it otherwise, no American silver coin would be exported. Yet look at the amount sent abroad!" Like other of their assertions, this statement contains a mustard-seed of truth and a large tree of misapplication. The export of bullion is confused with the export of coin. The Treasury figures throw some light upon the fallacy involved in the confusion.

In 1895 the exports of American silver coin were $40,609, and in 1896 $393,611. All such coin is returned by collectors at its face value. A dollar is a dollar, and a half a dollar, fifty cents. This is the general rule for valuing all domestic exports. To the custom-house the silver is worth what the stamp of coin announces; to that point a gold and a silver dollar are worth the same in our domestic exchanges. The silverites claim that this parity continues beyond the borders, and that the American silver dollar will pass at 100 cents in the country to which it is exported, and therefore is nowhere "discredited."

Of the $393,611 in coin exported in 1896, the greater share—$241,441—was sent to Canada. Now, the Dominion Government will not receive American silver coin, any more than our own Government would receive Canadian pieces—except at their bullion value. The geographical distribution of the exports shows that $9,813 was sent to British Columbia, and $231,628 to that immense border territory which includes Ontario, Manitoba, Rupert Land, and the Northwest Territory. It is safe to assume that those regions are in a temporary want of circulating coins, and, marketing their produce in the United States, are willing to receive in payment American silver—only temporarily to receive it, for it is in part reëxported to the United States. The movement is thus based upon a twofold motive. The one is a local need for currency, and the other is the settlement of exchanges. An American merchant having a debt due in Manitoba pays it in silver dollars, and the Canadian bank accepts the coin, knowing that it can return the coin to the United States in payment of a debt due to an American merchant. To assume, as the silverites do, that the coins circulate in Canada at their face value in any quantity is directly opposed to the fact. In truth, the Canadian Government seeks to discourage the introduction of American coins. Not only has it placed the circulation of them under ban, but it levies a customs duty of 25 per cent. on them as a manufacture of silver. The result is shown in the trade returns. In the twelve months ending June 30, 1895, our export figures gave $35,133 in silver coin of the United States sent to Canada. The Canadian returns reported for the same period an import of $1 in American coin, on which a duty of 25 cents was paid!

What applies to the Canadian import of American silver coins applies with equal force to similar trade transactions in other directions. Our pieces are sent to countries having no, or very imperfect, coinage systems of their own, and are received in precisely the same manner as are the Mexican dollars, as coins of convenience and commercial usefulness. Reverting to the exports in 1896, we give the destination of the coins, and also the amount in American silver coins returned to the United States:

To or from	Exports.	Imports.
Germany	$ 00	$2,359
Mexico	13,370	7,895
West Indies British	500	5,552
West Indies, Haiti	22,000	
Ecuador	98,000	111
Hawaiian Islands	17,500	

Imports were also made from France, $1,870; United Kingdom, $7,441; Danish West Indies, $3,180; Colombia, $30,659; and Samoa, $975.

A mere glance at this compilation of countries establishes the fact that this export and import of coin is a movement comparatively unimportant, and based upon intelligible commercial or financial reasons in nowise connected with the 16-to-1 propaganda. No one can draw from it the conclusion that the silver dollar passes current outside of the United States, and that its free coinage would bring it into such favor as to make its circulation abroad larger than it now is. Wherever it is taken, it is because of the want of local currency, or in the ordinary settlement of a trade balance. Wherever it is received, it is liable to be sent back to the United States on the first opportunity. Wherever it passes at its face value, it is on sufferance, and this toleration is subject to recall at any time—as recently in Canada. To confuse the export of coin with the exports of silver bullion is to commit a serious blunder. The export movement of domestic bullion in 1896 was $52,124,964, of which $41,578,367 went to the United Kingdom, $3,377,126 to France, $3,009,983 to Japan, and $3,283,710 to China.

It is in this commercial movement of silver bullion that the best interests of

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silver may be conserved. It is free from every restriction, as the silver passes at its market value, like the wheat, corn, or mineral oil that is sent abroad. No nation of any commercial importance imposes customs duties on bullion, and all ports are open to its unrestrained import. In no one year have the exports of silver from the United States been so large as in 1896, and the total has steadily increased in late years, with less fluctuations, indeed, than any other item of the same moment. The exports of wheat, cotton, oil, and provisions have shown wider variations than have the exports of silver. Every ounce of silver produced in the United States finds a market at home or abroad, and finds it in the same manner as does the corn, cotton, iron, or any other domestic product of agriculture, mining, fishery, or manufactures. In 1895 the product of American silver mines was 55,727,000 fine ounces. The exports of silver bullion were 62,783,792 ounces of varying degrees of fineness. Not only had the demand for silver in the arts been met, but a profitable sale of every ounce beyond that want had been made as well as of what came in from Mexican mines. This must have been a profitable export; otherwise it would not have held its own and increased from year to year, as it has done.

To give an artificial value to silver, as is proposed by the Bryanites, would cut off this trade at once. No one would export bullion, for he could find greater profit in coining it at the United States mints, using the coin to cheat his creditors and depreciate the currency. No one could export the coin except at the bullion value, and silver would sink from fifth or sixth place in importance among the domestic exports to a very unimportant position.

THE BIBLE AS A TEXT-BOOK.

THE promotion of Bible study in ways and places out of the ordinary has been much labored for of late years. Publishers have lent themselves to the movement, and series of books like the "Modern Readers' Bible" have been devised to supply what was thought to be the new demand. The American Society of Religious Education has made it one of its aims to secure the introduction of the Bible as a text-book into the curriculum of colleges. President Rankin of Howard University reports in the *Independent* the results of inquiries addressed, in the name of this Society, to college authorities respecting the place occupied by Bible study in the religious life or the regular academic course of their institutions.

Nearly all of them speak of the interest of students in Bible study, which, on the whole, is thought to be on the increase, or "certainly not declining," though but few colleges require it. Elective courses are offered, but their typical fate seems to be shadowed forth in the experience at Williams College, where, says President Carter, "the gentleman who conducts it required rather severe work of his class the first year, and the students have been shy of it ever since." In other words, if not "a soft snap," an elective course in Biblical study has not the attractions for collegians that their elders might hope. All told, it does not appear that the Bible has been extensively introduced as a text-book into the college course, as a result of the efforts of the American Society of Religious Education.

There are some good reasons why it cannot be successfully introduced. One of them is that the intentions of those moving in the matter, while most excellent, are not entirely clear or entirely serious. When they argue for the study of the Bible, what do they mean? Do they mean to urge students, as Jowett used to urge his, to study the New Testament just as they would any other Greek book? We doubt it greatly. There is, in fact, an entire field of Biblical study, and that the most interesting of all, which we presume there is not the slightest thought of having taken up in the colleges. We mean, of course, the modern investigations into what may be called the natural history of the Old and New Testaments—the catching up of oral and popular traditions into manuscripts, their blending and transmutations and taking of color from different hands; all the fascinating methods and results embraced in the new discipline of Biblical Theology. If one means by Bible study the study of what throws the most light on the Bible, all these things should certainly be included in it. But few or none of them are included, we venture to say, in the plans of those who are urging the colleges to make a text-book of the Bible.

Now, college students, or at least the older of them to whom most of the Biblical electives are offered, are more or less aware of the truncated nature of the Bible study proposed to them. They know that the highest authorities are not as naturally appealed to in this department as in all others. The results arrived at by the most masterly investigations are not freely laid before them. They have only to remember the case of the *Sunday-School Times*, a few years ago, in engaging the first Old Testament scholar in England, Canon Driver, to write on the Bible for its columns, and then in taking fright at what he wrote and cancelling the engagement; they have only to recall the frequent troubles into which ministers and theological professors get as a result of *their* Bible study, to make them feel that a subject which has to be studied so very circumspectly is a good one to leave alone. The number of the *Independent* which followed the one giving the account of the effort to make the Bible a college text-book, recorded the dismissal of a professor from Colgate University for having studied and taught the Bible in a way distasteful to the trustees. With such facts before their eyes, thoughtful students must be slow to believe that it is really the frank and fearless study of the Bible which is proposed to them.

The real aim of those urging the required study of the Bible in colleges is, of course, not knowledge, but edification. They wish not so much to expand the minds of students as to improve their characters and safeguard their morals. This is an end with which all must sympathize, but that it can be attained by any kind of indirection may be doubted. The old way was more straightforward. You were a child of wrath in danger of hell fire, and here was the book to tell you the only way of escape. Neglect its daily and terrified reading at your peril. But nowadays you are an amiable youth, much given to athletics and other frivolities, having a mighty good time on your way through college, whom it would be well to persuade that the Bible is a very interesting book to study, with the idea of making you take a little more serious view of life. That kind of net is commonly spread in vain in the sight of any bird, especially when the bird is a college student. He will be apt to make his own the opinion of an *enfant terrible*, that the Bible is fine reading provided one is allowed to skip the religious parts.

The whole question is only a part of a much larger and older one—the relation of knowledge to piety. Are the wisest men the best men? If not, are ignorance and superstition conducive to true goodness? Abstractly, these questions have been answered, and are still answered, both yes and no. But practically there is no longer any use in putting them at all. For better or for worse, the world has chosen the side of knowledge, is committed to free inquiry, whatever the results in thought or life. We are in for it in respect of Bible study, as well as all other study, and must stand the consequences as best we may. An obsolete and unscientific way of studying the Bible cannot any longer be excused on the ground that it makes our boys good. Least of all can such a way be excused in a college course, or the slightest substantial good be expected to come of it.

THE STUDY OF THE NOVEL.

VAGUE rumors have long been afloat to the effect that novel-reading—once, at best, a venial sin—is now regarded by leaders of opinion as a serious and elevating occupation, and that the commendatory phrase "diligent student of the novel" has supplanted the old, contemptuous "inveterate novel-reader." The rumor gains credibility from the works of many contemporary novelists, which, whatever may be their design, is certainly not to encourage the pursuit of transient pleasure or to abet the profligate killing of time. Further verification appears in the prosperity of literary clubs, noted appreciatively by foreign observers and making Sir Walter Besant hopeful of the approach of a brilliant era of

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literary production in America. The lists for study by these clubs generally include a good many novels.

A year or so ago, Dr. Moulton, Professor of English Literature in the University of Chicago, prefacing an account of "The Backworth Classical Novel-Reading Union," warmly advocated the study of fiction. Now, in connection with the "Programme for 1896-'97 of the Modern Novel Club of St. Louis, Mo.," Mrs. C. H. Stone issues an impassioned appeal to "Reading Clubs and Students of Fiction." Dr. Moulton and Mrs. Stone agree perfectly that the study is of vast importance, but are sadly at variance as to the kind of fiction to be studied and the kind of people qualified to expound and illuminate. Dr. Moulton counsels recourse to the world's great literature, reading and rereading of the great masters, and absolutely doubts whether anything should be read which is not ten years old. He thinks directors of the study should be authoritative persons, of a class described by him as literary experts. Mrs. Stone is quite of another mind, and would probably hold it better that all novels (and therefore novel-clubs) should perish than that the study should be pursued in the pastures and under the auspices advocated by Dr. Moulton.

It is sad to behold an infant science torn by the aged quarrels of the schools, and horrible to learn from Mrs. Stone that "the path of life to-day is strewn thickly with the wreck of youthful souls" because of the neglect of the study of "modern novels of realism, analysis, and purpose, the only existing key to the riddle of human nature and motives." She is confident that much of human misery should be ascribed to a traditional devotion to "literature," and that critics are always conspiring to lead, coerce, drive the public to read vain and frivolous fiction because by some unholy means (probably the direct prompting of Satan) it has come to be called literature. Her views are so extreme that no hope of compromise with the classics can be rationally entertained. Dr. Moulton, if reasoned with, might come down, but Mrs. Stone could not conscientiously treat with Apollyon. Assuredly nobody can wish to be implicated in the wrecking of youthful souls, and the dread of becoming innocent participators in crime may lead the St. Louis Club and the other clubs, once made cognizant of peril, incontinently to destroy all their books tainted with suspicion of being literature. Let them reflect, for the day may come when a youthful soul, steering safely to port by the light of 'George's Mother' or 'Tom Grogan' (both works are on the current Programme), may capriciously demand 'The Arabian Nights' or 'Paul and Virginia,' but, demanding in vain, desert to Dr. Moulton's ship and thus be for ever lost.

Mrs. Stone is apparently the Southwestern apostle of Modern Novel Science, and her disciples may naturally feel a delicacy about criticising her judgment. But, for the health of the science in other regions, they might at least tactfully proffer their good offices. No one need allude to Mrs. Stone's tacit assumption that "modern fiction of the more serious grades" is not literature; a controversy on that point would be most edifying if left to her and the authors of some of the books studied by the St. Louis Club during its eight years of existence. All the clubs could assent to her assertion that "the term fiction has a greater significance than the term literature," with a rider declaring that they don't know why any more than she does. There is no need to strain relations by inquiring too closely into the justice of her abhorrence of professed critics, including teachers and clergymen. If literature is that corrupt and deadly product of the human brain which she says it is, then undoubtedly the incompetence, laziness, insincerity, and viciousness of its avowed admirers and teachers have not been overdrawn by her. No! To proceed dispassionately and with dignity befitting serious students, it is only necessary to consider quietly whether Mrs. Stone shows enough acquaintance with literature to justify her wrath, and whether, indeed, she has any clear notion of the meaning of the word.

"Human rights," she says, "are greater than literature," and so are "truth and human nature"; and, further, literature is quite inadequate to explain modern character and conditions, or to be helpful in this "great, seething present," this "great, throbbing, happy or aching life of to-day." Literature has something to do with beauty of form and skill in phrase-making, and to these trivial decorations Mrs. Stone is half-willing that modern novelists should make discreet concessions. But literature has nothing to do with ideas except those of a sensual and vicious order, and "it is the stronghold in which impurity is most firmly intrenched." In brief, since man put pen to paper, nothing fictitious has been written, survived, and been admired except more or less pleasing delineations of "passion not love," and descriptions of "the coarsest passions and sensualism"; and these compositions have become literature for these reasons and no other. Moreover, literature is apparently one of those mysterious institutions hostile to truth and humanity; and from certain dark references to "the unprincipled money power," it would seem that Mrs. Stone may even suspect it of secret alliance with wealth, and may believe that the critics are munificently bribed to shout that it is the only thing in the world just as good as gold! Considering the bitterness of Mrs. Stone's feelings, the clubs ought not to burn their 'Rasselas' or 'Vicar of Wakefield' hastily, and they might perhaps go so far in the quest of truth as to examine for themselves the only specimens of fully accredited literature which Mrs. Stone is able to bring herself to mention. Naming in the way of duty to youthful souls such names as "Twelfth Night" and 'Tom Jones' must have given her a "turn" quite as bad as the "turn" which untimely accidents in the way of her profession used to give Mrs. Gamp. Therefore, let no one depreciate her courage. The pain inflicted on her by the use of the former work in the schools of her town (presumably St. Louis) leads one to suppose that an epidemic of the Elizabethan sweating sickness would be more wholesome for the citizens than an epidemic of Shakspere.

There is something hopeless in a movement to cure the universal infatuation about Shakspere, but no harm could be done if the clubs should try to determine whether the madness is to be accounted for solely by his supreme facility in beautiful expression and his unparalleled depravity. If a few of those "valuable ideas" which extend sympathy and "broaden understanding of life" should be found, Mrs. Stone might be persuaded to take a more lenient view of his performances. It is not probable that she could be got to budge an inch from her position towards 'Tom Jones.' She perhaps knows very well that the history of that bold, bad young man has not become literature because sensual seductions lurk in Mr. Fielding's formal eighteenth-century periods. This is the triumph of license, a signal example of the "strange power of the magic word literature to dwarf the value even of purity"; and a justice of "one of our courts" gave the case for the classics away when he allowed the issue of a new edition "because 'Tom Jones' is a part of our glorious system of English literature." Mrs. Stone says the judge was constrained to this decision, and gave it reluctantly, but she does not say who saw him wink. There is no certainty that Mrs. Stone was in court, but, if another application should be made to dress the sinner out in parchment and gilt, it is to be hoped she may be there and see a judge with her address in his hand and hear him grant the application because, "in spite of its being literature, 'Tom Jones' so nearly approaches that glorious thing of uncertain birthday and no antecedents, the modern novel of realism and purpose as described by a learned authority." Of course, no judge could be sure that Mr. Fielding wrote "with the purest of motives," as Mrs. Stone declares that Mr. Hardy wrote 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles,' but the court is more concerned with results than causes, and as between the fiction which is literature and the fiction which Mrs Stone thinks is not, would probably find the former more worthy of consideration by persons of sense and more likely to promote the practice of many virtues.

These reflections and suggestions are offered to the clubs solely in the interest of harmony, and with a desire to shield the young science from enfeeblement by schism. Unless some sort of reconciliation should be patched up, it is much to be feared that the novel may be degraded and become again a cherished instrument of idleness and frivolity—a tragic circumstance for both Dr. Moulton and Mrs. Stone.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE MASSACRES.

ATHENS, September 18, 1896.

TWELVE HUNDRED Armenian refugees, nearly all of them men and boys, are now here and at the Piræus, a few in houses hired for the purpose by the Local Relief Committee, but the majority huddled together in army tents which the Greek Government has provided, and which have been set up in the open fields at New Phalerum. At Syra there are 300 more, at Patras some sixty or seventy. Only 250 of those here have found work; the rest are entirely dependent upon the local committee, which draws its funds from private philanthropy.

Each refugee's account of what he himself saw during the first three days of the massacres throws abundant light upon the complicity of the Turkish authorities in the atrocities committed. One, a coal heaver, relates how he escaped from the coal depots at Lower Pera, when all his fellow-Armenian coal-heavers, some forty-four in number, were suddenly surrounded by a Mussulman mob, headed by some twenty-five policemen, and butchered to a man. The mob then rushed to their victims' lodgings, which they plundered and destroyed. Another was in a house opposite Fundukli's Khan, a large four-story building, which was besieged by a crowd of over four hundred Softas, headed by soldiers. The iron gates were forced. Some fifteen Armenians, who were employed in the building as porters, sought safety on the roof, but were pursued even there, and each one, after receiving several stabs, was hurled down from the roof into the street, while the crowd below yelled, "Long live Sultan Hamid!" Two refugees depose

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that they saw two other Armenians caught by a Turkish butcher and his assistants, and, after being suspended by the feet from the meat-hooks in front of the shop, literally hacked to pieces by the butchers with their meat knives. Another eye-witness relates that an Armenian priest, while walking in the street, was followed by a Turkish mob, and, on attempting to take refuge in the house of a Frenchman, was dragged out by his robes. When the inmates of the house expostulated in his behalf, a Turkish officer in the crowd replied that the Government had issued an order that all Giaours should be slaughtered. The priest was therefore dragged off towards Galata-Seraï, but, after only a few steps, his head was split open with an axe by some one in the crowd. A well-dressed Armenian was eating in an open restaurant when the night-patrol passed; the officer in command, knowing him to be an Armenian, ordered him to come to the police-station. He asked to be allowed to finish his food, but was dragged out promptly, and bayonetted to death on the sidewalk in front of the restaurant. At Babdjè-Kapoù, two Armenians were discovered hiding on a roof; the policemen rushed into the house and hurled them down into the street, crying, "Long live Sultan Hamid!" At Feri-Koï, a well to-do Armenian on horseback was seized and knocked off his horse by the police, who then told the mob to cut his head off, which was promptly done.

In many cases Turks accepted money from the Armenians to hide them, took them to their own houses, and then hastened to inform the police, who never failed to come and drag them off to slaughter. Two of the refugees saw thirty of their fellow-countrymen slaughtered in quick succession, in the space of a few minutes. An Armenian was knocked down by a Bashi-Bazuk and left insensible, whereupon an officer approached, drew his sword, and stabbed the fallen man through and through the body, until he was sure that he was dead. In front of the Swiss Legation a young Armenian milkman was butchered. A passing corpse cart refused to take the body, on the ground that, according to orders, it must first be dragged by the feet to the nearest police-station, as an example to Giaours. The day before the outbreak an eye-witness relates that, in front of his shop, a water seller was asked by a policeman for a glass of water, which was given; but when the man asked for payment the policeman glared at him, and went away without paying. Next day the same policeman returned with several others, caught the water seller, and hacked him literally to pieces before the shop, crying, "Giaour! yesterday you wanted money for a drink of water; now we will drink your blood!"

Testimony of special importance was given by another refugee. He was sitting in a café with some Greek friends when a servant of the Grand Vizier came in and, being personally acquainted with one of the Greeks, sat down with them and related how his master's cook, an Armenian, had been summoned on the day when the troubles broke out, and paid, and told that he must leave. The poor man begged to be allowed to remain a few days longer, until quiet should be restored, but the Grand Vizier refused. The man then begged for at least a safe-conduct, upon which his master gave him in charge of a Turkish fellow-servant, who, acting upon orders, conducted him to the Galata-Seraï, where, at a sign from him, the policemen cut the Armenian down and rifled his body.

Another eye-witness, who was employed in the Feri-Koï beer-garden, on the road leading to the Armenian cemetery, testifies to having counted, from 10 P. M. on Wednesday until Thursday noon, 28 ox-carts and 136 ordinary carts full of dead bodies, passing up the road from Galata and Pera alone, while 71 cartloads came from the Haskoï road. Near the cemetery there were some ice-houses, with great trenches, where the ice is stored in winter, and now empty. Here the bodies were thrown in pell-mell, by a force of 58 Turks (according to witness) who were employed by the authorities, who forbade any Armenian or Christian to have any share in the work. Another witness testified that on Wednesday and Thursday nights, from dark until morning, a continuous file of carts full of dead bodies was moving up the road to the cemetery heights above Pera.

The refugees speak enthusiastically of the friendly attitude of the Persian Mohammedans of the Shiz sect, who protected and succored many an Armenian at peril of their own lives, against the infuriated Softas. The Jews, on the contrary, were zealously engaged in marking with a cross all doors where Armenians were to be found. It is noteworthy, that, according to the unanimous testimony of all the refugees whom I interviewed, the Turkish mob, while engaged in slaughter, and even the Turkish officials at Galata-Seraï, would cry out, at each act of butchery, "Long live England! See what England does for you! Take that from your friends the English!"

But the crowning testimony is that of a young Armenian of barely twenty-one, whose splendid physical proportions and frank, ingenuous face attracted my notice. I found that I had, to use Cicero's words, "stepped into a history." This young fellow belonged to a body of twenty-five firemen and porters attached to the Galata Seraï (the chief police station of Constantinople). Only four of their number were Kurds and Turks, and they disappeared just before the outbreak; the remaining twenty-one were all Armenians. When the massacres began, only eleven of them happened to be at the café, or public house, near the entrance to the Seraï, where they lodged. My informant was among the eleven. About 2 P. M. on Wednesday, when cartloads of dead bodies began to arrive at the Seraï, the Chief of Police sent for them, and set them to sorting the dead Turks from the Giaours, as the Moslems consider it unclean to handle a dead Giaour. In this first instalment of dead only five or six were Armenians, the remainder being Turks, probably soldiers, but all were naked. When this task was over, the porters were ordered back to the public house, and told not to stir out on pain of being shot. At the same time strict orders were given and guards posted about the public house to prevent these men from being molested.

From this tavern the porters could see all that passed in the Seraï, and counted over 300 Armenians brought in under arrest by the police and troops. Soon they were sent for again from the Seraï, and found a horrible piece of work awaiting them. The arrested Armenians were all crowded into a large hall; a door opened into a broad passage, terminating at a steep flight of stone steps leading down into a courtyard. Each of the arrested Armenians was called out by an officer into the passage, which he found lined with officers and soldiers, the latter carrying fixed bayonets on their muskets. He was ordered to walk forward, and as he reached the top of the steps he received a stunning blow on the head with a cudgel, and a bayonet thrust on either side, through the ribs. The body falling down the stairs was taken by the Armenian porters, who were waiting at the bottom, and dragged out into the courtyard and down into the cellars. This butchery lasted for three hours and a half, an uninterrupted succession of blows and bayonet thrusts, the bodies falling down the steps almost without a groan. The porters were soon covered with blood as they had to pile up the bodies in the cellars; one of them, the captain of the fire brigade, fainted away at the fifth corpse that he lifted, and a Turkish officer standing by gave orders to have him removed and restoratives applied. When the sickening work was over, the porters were ordered to wash themselves, but they were so saturated with blood that the soldiers had to turn the fire-hose on them to wash them off. My informant showed me his broad linen girdle, which, though washed since then, bore distinct traces of blood. Then they were ordered to wash down the steps and the courtyard, after which they were ordered back to their tavern, and told to be on hand for night-work. After their return to the public house, they saw a large number of carts loaded with dead bodies brought to the Seraï.

In the evening they were again sent for, this time to drag out the corpses which they had piled up in the cellars that afternoon, and to load them upon carts. Nineteen cartloads of eighteen or twenty bodies each were thus sent off successively, each under charge of one porter and two soldiers, to the Armenian cemetery. My informant said: "While piling up the corpses we saw many an eye open and close, and heard an occasional groan or sigh, but it was night, and we were working with a band of sentinels and officers over us, and could do nothing for any unfortunate wretch who was not quite dead." At the cemetery each cartload was emptied into the trenches, and the cart drove back at once with the porters and guards, leaving the rest to the Turkish laborers stationed at the cemetery, no one else being allowed to approach. Everything was under strong military surveillance. The Seraï was crowded with troops under the command of higher officers in full uniform. After the carting was finished, the porters once more washed out the courtyard and were dismissed for the night. Next morning (Thursday) very early they heard the noise of fighting and killing in the neighboring streets renewed. They were soon called out under strong military escort to drag into the Seraï the corpses with which the Grande Rue de Pera and the adjoining streets were thickly strewn. My informant saw his sister's son, a youth of eighteen, set upon by the police and cut down, but not before the lad had drawn a revolver and shot two of his assailants dead. Our friend had been obliged to drag his nephew's body by the feet into the Seraï like all the rest. The bodies were again piled up in the cellars, awaiting transportation by night. This bloody work lasted from early morning until about half an hour before sunset; then the porters were once more dismissed and not called out again that night.

During the following twelve days they were employed in various less outrageous ways about the Seraï, but were never allowed to go one step beyond the outside sentinels, while within strict orders had been given that no one should lay hands upon them. Finally, my informant, who was trusted more than his fellows, was given a letter by the head commis-

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sioner to carry to one of the islands, and, after delivering it, he determined to escape. A police officer of the Seraï was at his heels who had a long-standing grudge against him, and it was evident that he was bent upon getting the porter into some corner and killing him. As the Armenian was passing the Greek embassy, he succeeded in darting through the open gate, in spite of the cries of the policeman. He was kindly received by the Greek Ambassador, who himself had him put into a carriage and sent, under charge of a cavass, to the Greek steamer, which brought him and many others safely to Piræus. I may add that I have succeeded in obtaining a list of the Turkish military and police officers who assisted at this infamous butchery in the Galata Seraï, but must refrain from publishing it, out of regard for the safety of the other ten Armenian porters who are still imprisoned there and employed about the premises. Besides, it is only too evident that all these officials, high and low, were but executing the orders of "the great assassin."

D. Kalopothakes.

AMHERST ECLIPSE EXPEDITION.—IV.

Yacht Coronet,
Yokohama Harbor, August 31, 1896.

The little town of Esashi, in northern Hokkaido, temporarily raised into prominence by a total eclipse track having seen fit to traverse its domain, has now returned to its normal quiet, echoes of the great world growing fainter in the distance as the various scientific expeditions retreat further from the Sea of Okhotsk towards more frequented regions. Our own expedition and that from the Paris Observatory under Prof. Deslandres, as well as Prof. Terao's party from the Imperial (Tokyo) University, used about a week after the eclipse in taking down instruments, packing apparatus, and dismantling the stations generally. We had the sad satisfaction (I use the expression advisedly, for if the circumstances had been different I should have had to say "the happy exasperation") of hearing from the Astronomer Royal of England in Akkeshi that at his station the sky was heavily clouded and nothing was done. Even yet we have not heard how the European parties fared; but that this corona was one of unusual brilliancy was evident from its brightness through the thinly drifting clouds which obscured its detail.

The Ainu, however, were obscured by no clouds of any sort during the sojourn in their vicinity, and very fine opportunities for studying this interesting race were afforded. There are no roads in northern Yezo, no jinrikishas, no kagos, no carriages, but plenty of horses and no side saddles. So the country had to be explored in a rather primitive but perfectly effectual manner, on horseback through the narrow and often bewildering footpaths through the thickly growing scrub bamboo, or along the hard sand beaches at low tide. In these rides I was fortunate in having the company of a Japanese gentleman, formerly a governor of one of the Hokkaido provinces, who knows the Ainu thoroughly, and their language as well, and who, still better, is well known to them for many miles in all directions. In a way they are a shy race, almost hermit-like so far as foreigners are concerned, and any casual traveller visiting the villages alone, or with a Japanese guide who is strange to them, sees little of their life or customs, and can rarely purchase any of their implements or articles of dress. The fact that foreigners were in the region had interested them greatly, and that for the first time a foreign lady was near by aroused much curiosity, and at all the villages they seemed as glad to see me as I was to see them. So, mutually in exceedingly good humor, and able to communicate easily by my helpful acquaintance, our study of each other progressed finely.

The elder women have elaborate ornamentation around the mouth in tattooing of a blue-black color, which gives them a peculiarly barbarous appearance; but the young girls are attractive, and often pretty, for the tattooing was forbidden by the Japanese Government several years ago, and, while not entirely suppressed, is far less frequent than formerly. These young girls have generally a clear brown skin, showing a warm russet red in the cheeks, with beautiful brown eyes shaded by long and thick eyelashes. In the younger generation, too, the luxuriant black hair is often simply coiled at the back of the head, instead of being cut in the strangely awkward native way, to stand out thickly on each side of the head, like an overgrown hearth brush, and perfectly short at the back of the head, nearly half-way to the top. Their teeth are even and white, and altogether they look little like the cruel heathen race they were formerly supposed to be. But the Ainus have no literature, no written language even, and their arts are of the rudest. Contact with the cultivated Japanese for a thousand years has apparently taught them little or nothing, and even now they would be scarcely beyond the stone age except for the easily obtained implements of Japanese make.

The native Ainu utensils are primitive and very interesting. The bows with their poisoned arrows, the tobacco pouches, the knife handles and sheaths, the apparatus for weaving elm-fibre into cloth—all of wood, often very well carved—have sometimes been handed down from parent to child through several generations. Frequently a family has but one of each article, and that one highly prized, which accounts largely for their dislike of selling their possessions. My Japanese friend, however, prevailed upon some of the Ainu to sell their dearly loved heirlooms, by the promise of unlimited saké as well as the purchase money. I was fortunate enough to find a garment of salmon skin, quite elaborately decorated, made in the same shape as the more ordinary elm-fibre kimono, and the only one of its kind encountered during the summer. Some of the beads and ornaments used for the great bear festivals are brought from Saghalien, and are quite odd enough to have originated in a region so remote.

In one of the horseback rides within a few miles of Esashi, I visited an Ainu house where a very old man lived, with many children and grandchildren. The roof was thatched thickly with scrub bamboo, and the general plan within was much like the usual type of Japanese house—one end having a floor of earth trodden hard, and the remainder, raised a foot or more above, covered with the straw mats. A square hole was filled with burning fagots, the smoke from which was supposed to find its own way out of a small hole in the roof, but seemed to prefer loitering about the room. The rafters hung several inches deep with soot, and even the fish drying above was similarly ornamented. Lying on the floor, with one arm thrown over his eyes, lay an Ainu man sound asleep, his bushy hair and beard standing out weirdly about his face. Two or three shy children were eating rice near the fire, over which an iron pot, full of an indescribable stew, was suspended, and bubbling vigorously. A pretty young girl sat sewing dark-blue Japanese cotton upon an elm-fibre apron in fanciful figures, and an older woman, curled into a tiny heap, looked up at us from beneath her arm with bright and rather alarmed eyes. Round the room were piled the family treasures, in a rather chaotic mass, but conspicuous among them, as always, were two or three large round boxes of old Japanese lacquer, in which the choicest things are kept, and which, if dire poverty or misfortune come, are parted with the last. There is a legend to the effect that when Yoshitsune, in disgrace and obliged to flee from the main island during the shogunate of his brother Yorimoto, many hundred years ago, took refuge in Hokkaido, he escaped from his enemies in one of these boxes caused miraculously to contain him. He is in a sense the god of Hokkaido, and his memory is devoutly worshipped. Kakimonos representing him are found in many places, always brought out and reverently hung on feast days.

The old man we had come to see stood in the low doorway of the house, and the interior was so dark that his face was hardly seen in detail. He was an impressive figure, with a magnificent brush of white hair and beard. But the soot, the smoke, the close air, the dim light, the huddling family, the mental as well as the physical atmosphere, was oppressive, and a full breath of outer oxygen and sunshine was an intense relief. The first object I happened to see upon emerging was the fine French cruiser *Alger* lying off in the harbor outside Esashi, in attendance upon Prof. Deslandres. Such are the sharp contrasts in this world that, coming instantly from an Ainu hut and a near-at-hand study of one of the most primitive races in the world (rapidly dying out from sheer inability to maintain itself in the face of another nation), into the clear air outside, it should be possible to see in a single glance an epitome of that world's best civilization: one night a French dinner party upon a man-of-war representing one of the most cultivated of countries, the next morning a call in a house within plain sight, where books were never heard of, where furniture is unknown, where lives, eats, sleeps, and weaves on the floor around a boiling pot of dreadful herbs an entire family, whose one relief from an intolerable monotony is the annual bear killing and feast, and to whom no thought or knowledge ever came of a possible civilization beyond.

In another village an old woman was the most picturesque figure. Wrinkled and brown, she was bent nearly double, as she hobbled along leaning on a stick. Her bushy hair was snow-white, her mouth elaborately tattooed. Huge hoops of German-silver weighed down her ears, and a brass bracelet was conspicuously worn above a score of bracelets done in tattoo. Her daughters and granddaughters stood or crouched about her when she rested, with babies strapped upon their backs after the Japanese fashion. She was so interested in her odd caller that she managed to get to the edge of the river near the house, in order to watch my horse step upon the flat bottomed ferry-boat, which a shock-headed Ainu boy was pulling across by a rope. Some of the rivers had no ferry, in which case we forded them, but on one occasion in the deepest place our horse deliberately lay down, to the discomfiture, temporarily at least, of his rider.

Could the stay in these curious regions have

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been prolonged another month, the great interest ethnologically (and geologically and botanically as well) would have been by no means exhausted. But each time on returning from these excursions I found a few more instruments taken down and carefully packed, a few more tents gone, a few more boxes piled in the old school house ready for transportation, and a few more long pieces of silk and satin and paper, brought in by our kindly Japanese friends, upon which we were asked to paint poems or pictures for kakimonos.

MABEL LOOMIS TODD.

A POLISH SUMMER RESORT.

ZAKOPANE, GALICIA, August 25, 1896.

FOUR or five hours after leaving Cracow, in a wearisome train which crawls to the west and south, the traveller may get off at the little station of Chabówka and bargain with a crowd of clamorous peasants, in white costumes, for a conveyance that shall take him up into the hills. Then comes a rather uninteresting ride of nearly six hours more before his destination is reached, and he finds himself in the village of Zakopane, at the foot of the Tatra, "the only lofty mountain range among the West Carpathians," according to Baedeker. The settlement is, of course, centuries old, and was mentioned in a royal document in 1578, but only within the last twenty years has it become a summer and even winter resort of increasing popularity. A Warsaw physician discovered that it had a good climate for consumptives, owing to its pure air, sheltered position, and few extremes of heat or cold. Consumptives came, accordingly, followed by healthier tourists; soon new streets were laid out, a hotel, boarding-houses, villas, hydropathic establishments, a casino, etc., were built; the natives found it profitable to hire themselves out as guides, their poaching propensities having given them a very good knowledge of the region; in short, Zakopane has developed into a full-blown summer resort, which attracts some five thousand visitors every year, and hopes to attract many more when connected by rail with Chabówka, as it seems likely to be in the near future.

The peculiarity of this mass of strangers is that, though some of them come from long distances, they are not in the least cosmopolitan. Occasionally a stray German, Hungarian, or other foreigner passes through, but, as far as the present writer can learn, he has been the only visitor, not of Polish blood or connections, who has stayed for any length of time. The place is a meeting-ground for Poles from all the lands where they are to be found. More than half of the people are from "the kingdom of Poland," Lithuania, or elsewhere in the Russian dominions; others from Posen or West Prussia under German rule; others from hereabouts (the Austrian province of Galicia), and some, finally, from countries like the United States, where there are Polish emigrants. It is true that this gathering does not usually include many members of the highest aristocracy or most fashionable society, but there are enough even of them to make the crowd a representative one, well worth the study of any lover of national characteristics. The tie that unites all here is intense patriotism, however quiet and at times despondent; a feeling of national unity unaffected by present political conditions. Although we are in Austria, one rarely catches a word of German—yet many must speak it perfectly; whereas one not infrequently hears passers-by conversing in French, or even occasionally in English, for the number that know it more or less is surprisingly large. Life goes on much as at similar centres in all parts of the world. When the weather permits, for rain is frequent, there are excursions into the mountains; there are two or three dances a week, often to raise money for some church or Polish school; there are likewise charitable bazaars and other such methods of killing time; and there is, of course, not a little gossip, heart-burning, and strife.

Besides the transient visitors, more permanent ones come regularly to stay for a considerable time, and others even remain and settle down in houses they have bought or built. Thus, it is said that in winter, the dead season, Zakopane can still boast of twenty-two eligible widows, with more family than fortune. Of the people that live here for a large part of the year, the best-known is the novelist Sienkiewicz, several of whose books have been translated into English, and one of them particularly, 'With Fire and Sword,' has been widely read in America. By his compatriots he is looked upon as their greatest writer today, a master of style, who ranks with the first of contemporary authors anywhere. Naturally his acquaintance is much sought, but, in order to avoid being lionized to death, he is chary of meeting his countrymen, preferring to let himself be admired at a distance. At present he is at work on a novel whose scene is to be laid in the beginning of the fifteenth century, at the time of the decisive struggle between the Poles and the German order of the Teutonic Knights, which ended in the triumph of the former.

The proprietor of most of the land in the township is Count Z——, a member of one of the greatest Polish families, who has travelled in the United States and Australia, and who, as not being a German citizen, was expelled from Prussia, where he owns an enormous estate, at the time when Bismarck, in order to further the process of Germanization, suddenly put out of the country some forty thousand foreigners, many of whom had been settled there for years. Although the estate is decaying in the enforced absence of its master, he refuses to sell it, for it would be bought up by the Government committee which has charge of the fund to promote German colonization in the Polish parts of Prussia. The Count's mother has founded and is at the head of a manual training-school for girls, which she transferred hither when obliged to leave her former home, after being arrested in the middle of the night. The girls are divided into three classes, according to what they pay, the first class usually being daughters of the nobility, who come for a year to learn practical housekeeping; the second belong to families in moderate circumstances; the third, by far the most numerous, are peasant children, who often remain for many years, learning domestic service in all its branches, while, instead of paying anything for their education, they are in most cases supported by the Z—— family with the help of stray gifts from outside. Although the three classes eat and sleep separately, they work together at the same occupations. The teachers, who are of various nationalities—one of them even being an American—get little more for their services than the reward of good consciences. The whole institution is a noble undertaking that does much good, and reflects the greatest credit on the generous and devoted people who have given up their lives to it.

The natives of Podhale, as this district is called, are an interesting race, different in many respects from the ordinary Polish peasants. As the land here formerly belonged to the crown, serfdom was unknown; also, the wild character of the region made it a refuge for those who had got into trouble elsewhere. Fifty years ago these mountaineers were little better than brigands; even now they are inveterate poachers, and more than one of them has killed his man, generally in feuds with the Slovacks who inhabit the Hungarian slope of the range. All this has developed a type far more manly and independent than is to be found in the neighboring plains. The visitors to Zakopane cannot get over their astonishment at meeting peasants who actually shake hands and expect their hands to be shaken, instead of kissing the hand, or even the foot or the hem of the dress of the upper classes, as is the custom not many leagues away. These Górale (mountaineers) are a fine-looking lot, rather small and slight, but frequently handsome, and most graceful in movements and attitudes. Their costume, too, is very picturesque. When in full dress they wear moccasins, tight-fitting embroidered trousers of a stuff like white felt, and over the shirt a sleeveless waistcoat called a serdak, made of lambskins, which is usually worn with the wool inside, while the exterior is often embroidered; but in case of rain, or merely for greater coolness, the garment is reversed so that the wool is on the outside. Although the serdak does not protect the arms, it makes a good shooting or tramping jacket, much in favor with the tourists as well as the natives. Over it the mountaineer may put on, as a cloak, a long coat of the same material as the trousers, though not always white. The hat is of black felt with the brim turned down, and with a band made of a string of small shells. For their part the women are plainer and harder-featured; their dress is not peculiar or attractive. They are said to rule the men with a strong hand. The chief families are able to trace their ancestors for centuries; they are frequently quite well off, and they have plenty of natural pride. These peasants are also gifted with a good deal of artistic perception, as is shown by the style of their houses, which has fortunately been copied in the "villas," and they display in their woodcarving much original taste and skill. They are fond of merrymaking, especially of dances, the most striking of which is one that takes place outdoors at night, by the light of a great fire and pine torches, and goes by the significant name of "the dance of the brigands."

As for the nature of the country, the Tatra are too low to be compared with Switzerland; there are no snow peaks, glaciers, or real lakes. The highest mountains in the Polish part are about 7,500 feet, though across the Hungarian border, in the "High Tatra," some are over 8,750. Unfortunately, too, many of the woods have been cut down or thinned out. Still, we find much attractive scenery, mountains that are beautiful when looked at from below, and that offer grand views to those who take the trouble to climb them (and are fortunate in their weather), rocky gorges, clear streams, numbers of lovely little ponds in the midst of the wildest desolation, pastures where cows and sheep feed and are milked far away from any permanent habitation, now and then a glimpse of chamois, and plenty of chances of getting air and exercise, rest and health. To be sure, one can find these without going to Poland to look for them, but they are none the less to be appreciated, nor is it everywhere.

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that we can see a sort of summer capital of a gifted people who, though for a century they have had no independent or united political existence, have never for an instant ceased to feel that they were one nation.

ARCHIBALD CARY COOLIDGE.

Correspondence.

CHAUCER'S FIRST ITALIAN JOURNEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Chaucer scholars, following Ten Brink, have designated the year 1372 as marking the beginning in Chaucer's literary development of a period characterized by the imitation of Italian literary methods. The date 1372 was chosen because it was that of his first Italian journey. Towards the end of that year Chaucer went to Italy on the King's business. Since a pension payment "per manus proprias," November 22, 1373, has been the first indication of his return, most biographers have felt, with Prof. Lounsbury, that Chaucer "may have been, and very likely was, absent about eleven months." In so long a stay, during which he may have met Petrarch, he must certainly have come under the influence of Italian literature. The lack of any works showing Italian influence, and written shortly after the first Italian journey, was made good by assigning *ad hoc* certain of the Canterbury Tales to this period. Prof. Skeat, for instance, has assigned the date 1374 to the 'Clerk's Tale' for no better reasons than its strophic form and his theory that Chaucer must have had it directly from Petrarch. I should hardly venture to dispute this generally accepted division of Chaucer's literary activity, were it not that I am fortunate enough to have new evidence to offer, which will prove that the first Italian journey was of much shorter duration than we have supposed.

Dr. Furnivall, with other kind assistance, first told me that there were unpublished entries with regard to the first Italian journey at the Record Office. A reference to the Oxford Chaucer showed me that Prof. Skeat had information, as it turned out to be, of an insufficient sort, of the contents of this document. It was, then, rather led by an irresistible desire to see any unpublished matter relative to Chaucer than with any hope of new light upon his life, that I visited the Record Office on the last day of a summer vacation and read the roll for myself.

To my surprise, I found that to the knowledge of this journey which we had had already from Chaucer's commission (printed *Foedera* iii., p. 964), the "Compotus" added the exact extent of his absence reckoned in days—one hundred and seventy-four; that, instead of an absence of quite eleven months, from December, 1372, to the 22d of November, 1373, we must deal with an absence of less than six months, from December 1, 1372, to May 23, 1373. There is no need of burdening these columns with the whole document, since I shall print it in full in the forthcoming number of *Modern Language Notes*. Suffice it to say that Chaucer, having started "in nuncio Regis," with an advance of £66 13s. 4d., and receiving on the 23d day of March £35 on the King's account from his colleague Jakes de Prouan "milite," found on his return to England that there was still due him for his pay and expenses £25 6s. 8d., for the payment of which sum the document is an elaborate voucher. The said sum represents unpaid wages due him "for journeying in the king's behalf"—"proficiscendo in dictis negocijs Regis, a predicto primo die Decembris anno xlvi° [Edw. III.] finiente, quo die iter suum arripuit de London versus partes predictas [*i. e., Janue et Florencie*], usque ad xxiij^{m} diem Maij prox' sequentem, quo die rediit London, per clxxiiij dies: scilicet, eundo, morando & redeundo, utroque die computato."—*Roll of Foreign Accounts* 42-51, Edw. III., fol. 41.

From the one hundred and seventy-four days of the entire journey we must, guided by the pilgrim itineraries, deduct at least one hundred and twenty for the journey to Genoa and return, about twenty more should be allowed for the trip from Genoa to Florence and return—that is, at most, Chaucer spent something like fifty-four days in Italy, something more than the average Cook's tourist of today, while for errands of his own, such as the rather doubtful visit to Petrarch at Padua, he had a trifle more than a month, presumably in February and March, 1373. I hope to treat of this possible visit to Petrarch at another time.

It is of course possible that, in a visit of less than eight weeks, during which time he was engaged "in secretis negocijs Regis," he might have received the impulse that appears in his works only after the lapse of seven years and an intervening visit to Italy—it is possible, but it is also wholly improbable. Those of the Canterbury Tales, showing Italian influence, which have been assigned to the time immediately following 1373, have been placed there without sufficient internal or external evidence. After the second Italian journey of 1378 the case is far different. Within six years follow 'Troilus,' 'Palamon and Arcite,' 'The Parlement of Foules,' and the 'House of Fame'; *anni mirabiles* these, and unmistakably *anni Italiani*.

Is it not reasonable, and even necessary, to begin the "Italian period" with 1379, and to limit it to those six marvellous years in which Chaucer's development was so rapid, in which his assimilation of his Italian models was so complete? Unless we have lost considerable portions of Chaucer's work, we must, I think, regard the years from 1369, the 'Boke of the Duchesse,' to 1379, as largely given to official business of one sort and another, and thus lost to direct literary production. We may conceive that Chaucer had outgrown the conventional French ideals of his first period, without as yet having developed for himself the new ideals so prominent in his "Italian period." We must, I think, rearrange these periods so that the "Italian Period" shall extend only from 1379 to 1385, and while we shall thus have limited the time through which this influence worked, we shall have arrived at a truer recognition of the intensity with which it worked—we shall have established a more perfect harmony between our external chronology for Chaucer and the internal facts of his literary development as they appear in his works.

Finally, the American student of Chaucer will be inclined to query whether, after these many years, the resources of the Record Office have been fully utilized for Chaucer chronology—a query which, we trust, our English fellow-workers will not leave long unanswered.

FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, September 28, 1896.

AMERICAN STUDENTS IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You were kind enough to insert a gratifying review of my article on "Les Universités de France et d'Amérique" (*Revue Internationale de l'Enseignement*, June 15, 1896), in your issue of July 9, for which I beg you to accept my thanks. May I ask space for a few additional remarks on the same subject, suggested by divers newspaper articles to which my attention has been frequently called of late? These notices, which seem to have appeared in journals all over America, are invariably of the nature of a personal advertisement. If only such, however, I should not trouble you with this letter; but, unfortunately, they are always combined with misleading statements, which ought not to pass unnoticed. Inasmuch, then, as my name has appeared in your columns as supporting a movement which these notices also purport to further, I think it my duty to explain my feeling in regard to them.

In the Chicago *Tribune* of Sunday, August 23, for example, under the heading, "Privileges for American Students," appears the following:

"A Chicago man, ——, has been instrumental in securing *great privileges* for American students desiring to pursue a university course in France. . . . Dr. —— maintains that France offers equal advantages [to those in Germany], and [he] has *by strenuous efforts* obtained *unusual privileges* for young American students desiring to pursue a course of study in France, where the universities of Lyons, Lille, Dijon, Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Montpellier offer *extraordinary opportunities* to the seekers after knowledge."

Permit me, Mr. Editor, to take exception both to the tone of this extract and to the statements therein contained. In the first place, the writer of the article represents our self-appointed advocate as begging for us certain privileges, which it required "strenuous efforts" on his part to obtain. If this statement is true, then it is evident that we have been put before the French public in a position as unfortunate as false. We all, I know, protest against being made to occupy the rôle of suppliants in this matter; for such we have not been. The *official* initiative has been entirely on the part of French university authorities. All that we have done has been to accept their outstretched hands and to assure them of our sincere sympathy; and, indeed, there was no other dignified way for us to act. It is true there is a reaction setting in in America against extreme Germanization, and it has certainly not come too soon. Many of us feel that the influence of the French should be greater in our universities, and we therefore welcome their advances gladly, and are willing to aid them as far as possible by directing the attention of American students to their seats of learning. But this is far from begging admittance with solicitude; and if we have been misrepresented, it is well to have the error corrected as soon as possible.

The article informs us, moreover, that one American, single-handed, has already been "instrumental in securing great and unusual privileges" for his fellow-countrymen in French universities. This, I regret to say, is not true. I have tried to keep *au courant* in this matter; but, so far as I know, no peculiar or special privilege has as yet been accorded American students in France, nor has any really important change in educational arrangements been made in order to attract them there. The only alteration of any significance of which I have learned is one in the require-

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ments for the *licence* in natural sciences, which permit it to be taken by any one who cares to comply with certain not unreasonable conditions. This is a move in the right direction; but it is very limited in extent, nothing similar being allowed for "letters" (including literature, history, philosophy, philology, etc.); and, moreover, the kind of students we should encourage to go to France are certainly not anxious for the title of *licencié*, their own degree of A.B. being of equal value. No change has as yet been agreed to in the nature of the doctorate or in the conditions necessary to obtain it; and no change, it is hoped, will ever be made which will render its acquisition easier for American than for French or other candidates. We have, it is true, suggested certain modifications in the nature of the present doctorate, but we expect them to be universal in their application. Only such have been proposed, moreover, as are, to my knowledge, desired by a large number of the French candidates themselves.

We know only too well how often Germans speak in derision of their Ph.D. tossed over, as they say, to foreigners for a consideration. We do not want to hear such a cry in France. If an unofficial representative has made "strenuous efforts" to obtain "unusual privileges" for us, we regret it exceedingly. Let the formal barriers to admittance to candidacy for the higher degrees in France be swept away, alike for one and all; let the many distinguished professors in French universities offer desirable courses, and no one need then exert himself unduly to lead Americans to Paris. They will go gladly, and in ever-increasing numbers, of their own accord. Excellent courses rarely go begging hearers. "Extraordinary opportunities" seldom wait long for recognition.

No, Mr. Editor, while many of us are indeed anxious to see friendly, reciprocal relations established between the universities of France and America, we are unwilling to see our cause furthered by false and extravagant assertions. Abroad we desire such representatives only as know something at first hand of the best university education in America, men who are not flatterers, nor do what they do to gain notoriety. At home our advocates should be ever candid and sincere, conscious of the importance their words may have in shaping the careers of those students who follow their advice.

However, because I have suggested that it may be the French system, or rather, lack of system, which has itself to blame for the comparative smallness of the number of American students in France, no one will, I hope, imagine that I therefore sympathize wholly with the German methods of instruction, which have proved to be more successful in the rivalry. Far from it. To speak frankly, my experience has led me to believe that in general the young graduate is far better off in one of the leading graduate schools of America than in any foreign university, until he is able to work entirely on his own responsibility, and has been fully initiated into the ways of scientific research. It is time that the idea was given up that a man who has done all his advanced study in the universities of the Old World must necessarily have had a better training than one who has been hard at work for as long a time in America. As a rule, the opposite is more likely to be true. If a student can arrange to spend some years abroad, in addition to those at home, by all means let him do so. His life in foreign countries will certainly broaden his sympathies and widen his horizon. Once in Europe, moreover, let him not fail to spend at least part of his time in Paris; but let him not go there with the expectation that he is to be treated with special distinction because he happens to be an American. The American students in Paris during the past winter had no "unusual privileges"; but I know of no one of them who regrets having spent a year there.

Hoping that I have not imposed too much upon your kindness, I have the honor to be, sir, Very sincerely yours,

WILLIAM HENRY SCHOFIELD.

CHRISTIANIA, September 15, 1896.

A QUESTION OF ETHICS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I seem to have lagged behind the rest of my contemporaries. There are certain actions which I see people engage in who are otherwise deserving of deep respect, but which seem to me to be wholly incomprehensible. I should be glad if some of your readers would sacrifice a little time to trying to make me understand why they are not incomprehensible to every one.

As a glaring instance of the sort of action that I have in mind, I take the fact that Mr. Howells had, in a recent Sunday issue of the *World*, a long article on literary topics of current interest, accompanied by a picture of himself of enormous size, taken from a photograph by Cox (which did not deserve so base a fate). The *World* is beyond question one of the most degrading influences of the time. The mere fact that it treats every revolting murder and every scandal of no matter what degree of indecency as matter of equal interest with all the real news of the day, and as deserving the same close attention to all its sickening details as any intricate question of politics, is alone enough to show that it is demoralizing beyond conception. It does not enter a single household where it does not insensibly set the tone in the direction of vulgarity. It is impossible to read it day after day without gradually but surely losing the instincts of a gentleman. *Life's* scathing cartoon of its unsavory progress through the town is thoroughly well deserved. How, then, is it possible for a man like Mr. Howells to write for it?

Whatever one may think of the justice of some of his opinions, Mr. Howells is through and through a reformer. How can he reconcile it with his conscience to write for the *World?* One cannot have recourse to mercenary motives as an explanation in this case, and it only remains to suppose that he has some theory of life or morals which makes it a desirable thing to do; probably he thinks his words reach a wide audience in this way. But in what way do they reach it? The same number of the *World* contained an editorial in which Mr. Howells was ridiculed, on account of his liking for finding genius in unknown writers, in a way that would be considered as grossly insulting by any one who had the feelings that have always been supposed to belong to the literary man. As far as Mr. Howells is concerned, this can only be regarded as a proper consequence of bringing his wares to such a vulgar market, but it also makes the theory that what he has to say may have a good effect somewhere a ridiculous one.

The only safeguard against such a contaminating influence as that of the *World* and the *Journal* is that there should be a "remnant" whose opinion is respected, and who are known to despise them; unless, indeed, it shall be decided that newspapers must be licensed, as physicians are already, to prevent their poisoning off a once healthy population. The great majority of people, who do not think for themselves, have not yet discovered that it is a disgrace for these newspapers to be seen in their houses, and how shall they discover it if a man like Howells, for whom they must have a profound respect, sees no reason why he should shun their company?

C. L. F.

ARGUMENT WITH FARMERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During my vacation I took every opportunity to talk quietly with the farmers of New Hampshire on the silver question. Such missionary work is, of course, unnecessary in New England, but I was struck with two points which may be of interest to those who are trying to combat error in places where it is more prevalent.

In the first place, I found that if I used any of the terms of political economy—even such simple ones as "medium of exchange" or "intrinsic value"—I failed to be thoroughly understood; secondly, that the statement, "there is as much money to-day in mining silver at 63 cents an ounce as there is in mining gold at $19 50 an ounce," never failed to make an impression, especially if followed with some explanations how mechanical and chemical inventions have affected the cost of mining. Our farmers are familiar with the effect of improved tools and methods in ploughing, sowing, and harvesting. They are familiar with the use of dynamite in blasting, and can readily see how high explosives, the machine-drill, and compressed air have lowered the cost of getting out rock, and are willing to admit that silver must be cheaper than it was before these inventions were applied. They readily appreciate how chemical methods have made it profitable to mine and sell silver at the rate of 63 cents an ounce, and that these inventions have not affected the amount of labor necessary to produce 1-63 ounces of gold. They see that it is impossible to make silver again as scarce and dear as it was before, and they see at once the utter futility of coinage in the ratio of 16 to 1. If any doubt remains, a reference to the Molly Gibson mine and several others which produce silver now at a cost of 21½ cents removes it.

Of course it is hardly worth while to argue with Eastern silver farmers. They are too few to affect the vote—a negligible quantity. But in the West it is perfectly natural for a farmer to say, "Everything has been protected except wheat, and that I have to sell at a price made in England. Now, if making silver money will reduce the burden of taxes and interest, it will do the farmer some good, and he ought to have his chance with the rest." It can be made quite clear to such a man that silver is cheap by reason of the lessened cost of its production, and then he sees at once that the persons to be benefited by free coinage are the original producers of bullion, and appreciates at once that abominable greed lies at the bottom of the silver movement, and that it seeks to exploit the honest fanaticism of the Populists.

Our people do not and cannot understand the currency question, but they do understand how improved machinery cheapens a product. A short pamphlet in plain language

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describing "How silver is mined and how gold is mined," with a few statistics of cost—labor, fuel, etc.—would make more converts than the soundest and most elaborate argument on the principles of political economy. Possibly it might convince even a bimetallist.

It may be too late to bring out such a pamphlet for use in the present campaign, but the question will not be entirely laid at rest next November. CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

HARTFORD, October 5, 1896.

THE THOMAS BOOK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your issue of September 17 contained a notice of 'The Thomas Book,' in which the reviewer spoke of the volume as a "monument of money wasted." If the rest of the book is as inaccurate as that portion concerning the ancestry with which I am related, and of which the reviewer says, "Two pages are given to the noted Thomas family of Marshfield, as an excuse for putting in a portrait of Gen. John Thomas," the work might be said properly to be "a monument of money worse than wasted."

In the pedigree there given, which the compiler professes to have made up from Marcia Thomas's 'History of Marshfield,' it is stated of Col. Anthony Thomas, the elder brother of the General, that he "married Abigail *Tilden*, and died July 14, 1781"; the name of the wife, as well as of the husband, being given (in order to emphasize it) in the largest and blackest type at the disposal of the compiler, which only serves to make the blunder more conspicuous. Instead of Abigail *Tilden* it should be Abigail *Alden*, who was born February 27, 1727, and was the great granddaughter of John Alden, who came over in the *Mayflower*, and who was the last survivor of the signers of the compact. There are plenty of books, such as the 'Alden Memorial Book,' published at Randolph, Mass., several years ago, that will verify this statement, to say nothing of the records of Marshfield and the gravestones in the burying-ground.

The compiler of this valuable production also states that Anthony Thomas left a son, Briggs; the necessary implication being that he left no other sons, whereas he had two others, Waterman and Judah, the former of whom moved to Waldoborough, Me., on his appointment by President Washington as "Collector of Customs for the district of Bath and Penobscot," an office which he held till his death, and in which he was succeeded by his son-in-law, Joseph Farley, who was appointed by President Jefferson.—Yours very truly,

WILLIAM F. PECK.

ROCHESTER, N.Y., September 27, 1896.

Notes.

DODD, MEAD & CO.'S autumn publications include autobiographies of Augustus J. C. Hare ('The Story of My Life') and of Mary Cowden Clarke ('My Autobiography'); 'My Literary Life,' by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; 'The Life of Adeline, Countess Schimmelmann,' a Scandinavian philanthropist, edited by the Rev. W. Smith Foggitt; 'Charlotte Brontë and her Circle,' by Clement K. Shorter; 'The Memoirs of Signor Arditi,' the Italian musical conductor, with portraits and facsimiles; 'Historical Briefs, with a Biography,' by James Schouler; 'Lyrics of Lowly Life,' by Paul Lawrence Dunbar, a young negro poet one generation removed from slavery; a new volume of literary essays by Hamilton W. Mabie; and 'Travel and Talk,' about the United States, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis.

Francis P. Harper, New York, announces a 'History of the American Theatre, 1749-'97,' by George C. Seilheimer; 'Walt Whitman, the Man,' by Thomas Donaldson; and 'The Greatest Cavalry Ride of the Rebellion; or, General Thomas at Nashville,' by Gen. H. V. Boynton.

In connection with Chapman & Hall, London, Charles Scribner's Sons will issue a Centenary edition of the Works of Thomas Carlyle, at a low price for good workmanship, with new portraits and some pieces not before published in a collected form. A beginning will be made during the present month.

'Reminiscences of Old New York, 1810-'60,' by Charles H. Haswell; Poultney Bigelow's 'History of the German Struggle for Liberty'; and a 'Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities,' by Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, are in the press of Harper & Bros.

We were inexact in naming the title of the first volume of Dr. Edward Eggleston's forthcoming 'History of Life in the United States,' to be published by Messrs. Appleton. It reads, 'The Beginners of a Nation.' We should also have mentioned that Mr. Charles Howard Shinn's 'Story of the Mine' is the second volume of the "Story of the West Series" of the same house, edited by Mr. Ripley Hitchcock.

Henry Holt & Co. will have ready at no distant date a 'History of Latin Literature,' by Prof. H. T. Peck.

Dr. George Hodges's Lowell Lectures for 1896 are on the eve of publication by Thomas Whittaker, under the title, 'Faith and Social Service.'

George D. Sproul, No. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, will bring out next month, in connection with Hutchinson & Co., London, a sumptuous work, 'The Book of Beauty,' late Victorian era, consisting of portraits of the Princess of Wales and a large number of peeresses and other ladies of distinction and beauty, mostly by celebrated artists; some children's pictures, both sexes; with original text, musical compositions, and drawings—the whole in two imperial quarto volumes. The American edition is limited to 300 numbered sets.

The Joseph Knight Co., Boston, have undertaken a new edition of Lady Jackson's historical writings on France ('Old Paris,' 'The Old Régime,' 'Last of the Valois,' etc.), in fourteen volumes, and 'Three Children of Galilee: A Life of Christ for the Young,' by Prof. John Gordon.

A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, will publish immediately 'From Avalon,' poems by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, and 'Blue and Gold,' verses by William S. Lord.

Prof. A. Furtwängler returns to the Tiara of Saïtapharnes in his new volume of 'Intermezzi: Kunstgeschichtliche Studien' (Leipzig: Giesecke & Devrient; New York: Lemcke & Buechner). Other chapters relate to an antique Greek bronze head belonging to the Duke of Devonshire; the Medici torso and the Parthenon; the Munich Poseidon frieze and the Neptune temple of Domitius; and the monument of Adamklissi and the earliest representations of Germans.

Charles Scribner's Sons have been well advised in beginning a "Library of Contemporary Exploration and Adventure" with four well-known narratives—Whymper's 'In the Great Andes of the Equator,' Lumholtz's 'Among Cannibals,' Hornaday's 'Two Years in the Jungle,' and the late Capt. Bourke's 'On the Border with Crook.' All these are reprinted from the plates of previous editions, but they are bound uniformly in an agreeable green cloth, and will, we trust, mutually assist each other in securing an extended reading. They offer a wide diversity of scene, incident, adventure, style, and interest, and are all illustrated more or less freely.

Two little volumes bearing the imprint of Preston & Rounds, Providence, R. I., revive the ancient reproach of Rhode Island against Massachusetts for persecution of the smaller colony's citizens for conscience' sake. One, by the Rev. Henry Melville King, a Baptist pastor, retells the story of his co-sectaries, Clarke, Holmes, and Crandall, on their memorable 'Summer Visit of Three Rhode Islanders to the Massachusetts Bay in 1651'—"its innocent purpose and its painful consequences," to Obadiah Holmes in particular. The late Dr. Dexter, along with other Puritan apologists, is again successfully refuted; at the same time, recently discovered evidence of Roger Williams's having been banished on account of "his different opinions in matters of religion" is advanced out of the mouths of his half-relenting persecutors. Part of the original narratives is given in an appendix, with other documents; there is a bibliography and a good index.

The second volume is equally a compilation. It is concerned with 'Mary Dyer of Rhode Island, the Quaker Martyr that was hanged on Boston Common, June 1, 1660,' and is from the pen of Horatio Rogers, one of the justices of the Supreme Court of Rhode Island, himself a descendant of a persecuted Quakeress. It is rather less fair to the Puritans than is Mr. King's arraignment, and the occasional fanatical disturbances by Friends bearing "testimonies" are quite overlooked. Nor does the author take a hint from the intimation on p. 80 of the disquietude of the Rhode Island authorities with regard to Quaker scruples against "trayninge, watchinge, and such other ingadgements." The footnote on p. 18, as to the discipline of married persons for "impropriety before marriage," ignores the fact that the same custom prevailed among Friends for the same offence, which was confined to no denomination. Judge Rogers, like Mr. King, supplies the pertinent original documents, and both these volumes convey a needful lesson even for to-day.

It will doubtless be alleged that Mr. George Ade's 'Artie' (Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.) is but a Chicago "Chimmie Fadden." Where Mr. Ade got his nudge we cannot say, but his study of office-boy and street-wanderer's slang is evidently from the life. Nor is all the fun of his book in the efforts of "Artie" to add piquancy to a used up language; he has his insight into life, viewed from Chicago, which is not without humor and wisdom.

The Century Company is early in the field with a number of illustrated books for children. The humorous division is easily led by Mr. Peter Newell's 'Shadow Show,' a very ingenious series of metamorphoses attained by viewing colored pictures through the leaf *en silhouette*. In this way a pair of Japanese wrestlers becomes a rampant hippopotamus; twin monkeys, a bull-frog; a man putting on a coat, Fido, etc., with generally very little hint of the impending transformation. Another sort of shadow pictures is displayed in 'Gobolinks,' for which Ruth McEnery Stuart and Albert Bigelow Paine are sponsors. Fantastic symmetrical figures, in which design plays but a small part, are made by ink splotches doubled

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by folding the paper upon itself. Imagination detects a resemblance to man or beast or elf, and the muse is called in to tell the story. But a bookful of these "cathodes" cannot escape monotony.

'Oceanic Ichthyology: A Treatise on the Deep-Sea and Pelagic Fishes of the World,' based chiefly upon the collections made by the steamers *Blake*, *Albatross*, and *Fishhawk* in the Northwestern Atlantic, with an Atlas containing 417 figures, by the late George Brown Goode and Tarleton H. Bean, is a 614-page quarto special bulletin of the Smithsonian Institution. Among recent ichthyological publications none are more important or more useful than this one. It is the outcome of earnest and long-continued researches by authors who, fortunately for their science, were in possession of the great collections made by the different vessels during years of dredging and trawling. The multitudes of descriptions drawn from the specimens are of unusual excellence, the illustrations are fair, and the synopses make the book especially convenient for reference. As is to be expected in a work of such comprehensiveness, there are points liable to criticism. Besides the faults of the proof-reader, we notice some inaccuracies in classification or identification, some neglect of quotation marks, and some confusion of dates. The volume is published in 1896, it is dated 1895, and on its pages genera and species are given as new which had been published by the authors in 1894.

The Yearbook of the United States Department of Agriculture for 1895, an octavo of 656 pages and numerous illustrations, is a valuable addition to the library of any one depending on the soil for a living and disposed to profit by the experiences of others. The range of topics is so wide that all classes of producers must find something of particular interest and benefit. Most of the authors are very practical; occasionally one shows traces of too much mental cloudiness. In the article on oleomargarine, for instance, conclusions are set forth that apparently are based on experiments with only one of the substances compared, and the author presents a couple of analyses, said to show that oleomargarine, if pure, is quite as digestible as butter, which few besides this authority will be able to compare.

As in his 'Mirage Oriental,' so in his last book, 'La Sculpture en Europe avant les Influences Gréco-Romaines,' M. Salomon Reinach combats the notion that Europe owes its civilization to the Orient. In this volume he discusses some hundreds of primitive figurines, statuettes, and ornaments, and in particular such specimens as have been taken to bear witness of a derivation from Egyptian or Babylonian forms, and demonstrates how, in every instance, the resemblance is due not to an historically improbable borrowing, but to the uniform course taken by all art forms at their origin. In the course of his discussion M. Reinach insists upon two points of extreme importance. He does not hold, with many students of primitive art, that animal forms change into geometric patterns. He believes that the geometric design came first and was turned into the representation of man or beast only when the transformation could not help suggesting itself. His other point is that attitude and gesture in primeval art are *positively* void of dramatic intention or of any expressiveness.

Of great value to the special student of religion in the Far East is a pamphlet of seven leaves (four pages of text and three of illustrations) by Mr. Jos. Schedel, which is printed as manuscript on the press of the *Eastern World*, at Yokohama, Japan, on Phallus-Cultus in Japan. Though small, it is a rich addition to the pamphlet of Dr. E. Buckley of the Chicago University and of Griffis's 'Religions of Japan,' giving new proofs and testimonies, regarding widely separated parts of Japan, of this once prevalent form of early religion, which seems difficult to eradicate despite the severe regulations of the present Japanese Government. Several scholars have assisted the author in collecting his specimens.

So rare is high, interpretative criticism that it is especially pleasant to call attention to the article by Prof. Josiah Royce on "Browning's Theism" in the September number of the *New World*. Not for a long time have we seen an analysis so penetrating as this. Like the great critics, Prof. Royce possesses the creative quality. In analyzing the three-fold nature of current Christianity, and in stating Browning's attitude towards it, he in a measure shows our time in epitome; just as Carlyle, in his essay on Samuel Johnson, showed the characteristic features of eighteenth-century England. Very significant is his presentation of the way in which Browning rises from the conception of the universe as embodied Power, to the conception of cosmic Love as the origin and director of that Power. In short, this essay cannot fail to influence readers who think, and so come to influence those who ordinarily furnish criticism to the daily and weekly press.

It is not too late to turn back, for pure enjoyment, to the issue of the London *Telegraph* for August 31. A city magistrate had the day before discharged a prisoner charged with a statutory offence, under a recent act, upon finding by the dictionary that the word used in the law did not cover the case: "Webster," comments the *Telegraph*, "when a lawyer, 'got off' many defendants in his day, and his Dictionary still continues the good work." There are many anecdotes which embalm this British confusion of the statesman and the lexicographer, but perhaps few to which a definite date can be given, as above.

The most venerable of Scotch Universities, the University of St. Andrews, in its current advertisement, in the London *Academy*, for the session of 1896-97, sets an example of educational chivalry. Of the seventy-three bursaries announced as open to competition, "forty-three are tenable by men only, twenty-nine (of which twenty are restricted to medical students) by women only, and two (the Berry Bursaries of £40 each) by either men or women." In the course of the session eight scholarships will be competed for, five of which are open to both sexes; they range in value from £100 to £34. But the most suggestive incident in connection with this same University of St. Andrews is the official notification which its Rector, the Marquis of Bute, has given of his intention to move at the next meeting of the University Court, that "a woman be appointed Assistant Professor of Medicine and Lecturer in Physiology."

An English confectionery and preserving firm, Messrs. Clark, Nicholls & Coombs, Hackney Wick, London, employing 2,000 hands, of which 1,400 are women, reports an experiment in profit-sharing sufficiently established and successful to give value to its details. "Clarnico's" (as the firm is called), having paid interest on its debentures (bonds) and dividends on its preferred and common stock, divides the residue of profits into two parts. Of these, one is distributed among the common stockholders and the other among the workpeople, "so far as these are eligible for it," one year's service being the first requisite. A varying amount, left unappropriated among the workpeople, is invested in shares or bonds of the company, and is set aside as a provident fund, to which fund "the managing directors make considerable private contributions." Out of this provident fund are paid to the workers, when sick, allowances up to two-thirds of a man's or woman's wages; to the family of any qualified worker dying in the company's services, £5 for funeral expenses; to the widow of an employee under certain circumstances, a grant of £5, and £5 to any female employee who marries after five years' employment. Since 1890, when this bonus to labor was instituted, the annual sum paid to the workers has steadily increased. It was in 1890 and also in 1891, £1,400; in 1892, £1,550; in 1893 and 1894, £1,700, and in 1895 £2,762, or some $52,000. The first year, the bonus was distributed to only 536 persons, making an average of about $13 per person; last year 988 workers came within the line, with an average of about $13.90 per capita.

Under the auspices of a committee of the American Library Association, a fund is being raised to erect a memorial to the late Dr. W. F. Poole, probably in the form of a bronze bust to be placed in the Public Library or the Newberry Library in Chicago. An opportunity is offered to all (and their name is legion) who have found occasion to bless the man who invented 'Poole's Index,' to contribute to this memorial. A list of the contributors will be published, but without the amounts given. Contributions should be sent to the treasurer of the committee, Dr. G. E. Wire, No. 1574 Judson Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

We understand that the library of the late Dr. Reinhold Rost of London, the eminent Orientalist, is for sale in bulk. Most of the library relates to the Malayan Archipelago, for which reason efforts are making to secure it for the Government of the Straits Settlements at Singapore; but it is to be hoped that it may be bought by or for some American institution. It is described as being probably the largest and most valuable collection of books relating to the Malayan Archipelago and the Far East now existing in private hands. It is abundant in works on geography, ethnography, and natural history of regions which are of exceptional interest in these respects, and is especially rich in the lexicography and literature of the Malay, Javanese, Achinese, Dayak, Macassar, Bugis, and the other languages of the Archipelago, of Burmese, Siamese, and other languages of Farther India, and of the languages of India proper. An American institution possessing this library could boast of having not only the best, but almost the only important, Malayan collection in the western hemisphere. A classified catalogue of the books, prepared from copy furnished by Dr. Rost's son, is in the hands of Charles P. G. Scott, Radnor, Pa., who will answer inquiries, and will lend the catalogue for examination.

—We have already noticed Sir Joseph Lister's presidential address at the Liverpool meeting of the British Association. Prof. Poulton's opening address in the zoölogical section dealt with the still unsettled quarrel between the zoölogists, the geologists, and the physicists as to whether ten millions or five hundred millions of years is the age which may be assigned to our planet as the theatre of the evolution of species. As a zoölogist,

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Prof. Poulton naturally criticised the position of the physicists, and endeavored with considerable success to point out alternative lines of argument which physicists might adopt with a prospect of establishing a *modus vivendi* with and for the zoölogists, and he made it seem reasonable to hope for an adjustment of this scientific *impasse*, upon which Lord Salisbury so vividly insisted three years ago in his inaugural address as president of the Association meeting at Oxford. There was not, however, the same promise of ultimate agreement held out by this year's proceedings of the anthropological section. The opening address of Mr. Arthur Evans, its president, and keeper of Ashmole's Museum at Oxford, dealt with "The Eastern Question in Anthropology." The now widely known discovery of Mycenæan characters which were borrowed in Crete by the Phœnicians, who refashioned them and gave them back in the shape of an alphabet to the West where they originated, has been strikingly confirmed by Mr. Evans's latest find—a steatite table of offerings found in the Dictæan Cave of Cretan Zeus, and inscribed with nine Mycenæan characters and two marks of punctuation. The certainty that our alphabet ultimately goes back to the Mycenæan civilization raises in a more acute form the already pressing question presented so brilliantly by M. Salomon Reinach in his 'Mirage Oriental.' Mr. Evans does not go so far as M. Reinach in emancipating the West from its traditional subservience to Eastern influences, but both of them bid us say farewell to the long-accepted notions associated with a primitive seat of the Aryans.

—That there is as yet no consensus of expert opinion as to the Mycenæan civilization, even among anthropologists, appeared when Dr. Montelius read his paper on the Pelasgians and Tyrrhenians in Greece and Italy. Under these names he recognized phases of the Mycenæan civilization, which he derived through Asia Minor from the Hittites. Just here it was objected by Mr. Myres that, as the result of a most exhaustive search in Caria, he knew there were absolutely no traces of Mycenæan art or civilization to be found there. The same was true, Mr. Evans urged, of all other portions of Asia Minor, excepting the site of Hissarlik. Mr. Myres had previously read a paper on the prehistoric trade-routes of the Mediterranean and the Danube, recognizing Hissarlik as a Mycenæan outpost planted with a view to the Dardanelles and the Danube line of communication. Thus it appears there was no line of contact between the Hittites of Cappadocia and the Mycenæan civilization, and Mr. Evans's contention would be borne out, that the Mycenæan civilization in the West derived little or nothing from Cappadocia, Egypt, or Assyria until it had reached a brilliant and independent maturity.

—With August the first number of the *Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation* made its appearance in London. Up to this time the *Bulletin* and *Annuaire* of the Société de Législation Comparée and *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Rechtswissenschaft* have served as the chief vehicles for the publication of studies in that subject (the former dealing mainly with legislation and the latter with customary law), though important legal material often finds its way into the Transactions of learned societies of the Orient and of Europe. There has hitherto been no specialized periodical in the English language—a lack that has been regrettable, not so much because English and American students need to be informed through their own language, as because it indicated an absence among us of concerted interest in the subject and an indifference to the profit of its pursuit. Under the auspices of the Lord Chancellor and the Lord Chief Justice, and at the suggestion of Sir Courtenay Ilbert, in December, 1894, a Society of Comparative Legislation was formed, "with the object of promoting knowledge of the course of legislation in different countries, more particularly in the several parts of her Majesty's Dominions and in the United States"; and the *Journal* is to be its mouthpiece. The annual fee for membership is one guinea, and the fee for life-membership is ten guineas; and the Honorary Secretaries are Thomas Raleigh, Esq., Privy Council Office, S. W., and Albert Gray, Esq., 2 Paper Buildings, Temple, E. C. The Society's main work will of course rightly be with the rich mass of data furnished by the sixty-odd legislatures and the heterogeneous peoples of the British Empire. The articles of the first number are: Legislation of the British Empire in 1895; Modes of Legislation in the British Colonies; The German Civil Code; The Application of European Law to Natives of India and Ceylon; Notes on the State Legislation of America in 1895. But, as this list shows, the *Journal's* pages will also include contributions not dealing strictly with affairs of the British Empire; and in particular "it is desired to enlist the aid of the Bar Associations and Statute Revision Commissions of the United States." The two-score jurisdictions of our own nation furnish in themselves a rich opportunity for comparative study, and the time may come when we shall have a journal of our own (not that we need forget the pioneer work begun by the New York "State Library Bulletin"—now at No. 6—in chronicling our legislation systematically). The time is already ripe for a Juridical Society, of which one branch should devote itself to the study of comparative legislation at home and abroad. But meanwhile Americans will do well to join the English Society and encourage the cause.

—If one is to judge from the recently published Guide for intending candidates for the new research degrees at the University of Cambridge, this matter seems to be on a more definite and satisfactory footing than it is as yet at Oxford. Certainly, distinct inducements are offered to such students with better standing and fuller recognition of their previous work than at the sister university. The formalities and requirements both for admission and for the degrees are in most respects similar. At Cambridge, however, students are eligible, after producing satisfactory evidence of age, former work, and fitness for admission, not for the degree of B.Litt. or B.Sc., as at Oxford, which has at present no higher degree equivalent to the M.A. of the arts course, but, after three terms' residence, are entitled to a Certificate of Research, and, after six terms' residence, are entitled to go in for the regular examinations leading to a B.A., and thereafter, under the usual conditions, to proceed to the degree of M.A. and the other University degrees if they so desire. The Certificate of Research is granted in the third term of residence after the student has presented a satisfactory dissertation to the Degree Committee, "containing an account of and embodying the results of his research," and taking as well an examination in the subject, oral or otherwise. Such a student is regarded *in statu pupillari*, and must be duly entered as member of some College or Hostel, or as a non-Collegiate. "The course of advanced study may or may not be such as to qualify him for passing one of the Tripos (Honor) Examinations. The course of research may or may not be pursued with a view to the acquisition of the University Certificate." The terms are three in number, the University year beginning October 1; and residence of three-fourths of a term counts for a term. The convenient little pamphlet compiled by Dr. Donald MacAlister of St. John's College can be obtained from the University Press, Cambridge (price 6d.), by those who are desirous of fuller information, and the University Calendar (price 6s. 6d.) from Deighton Bell & Co., Cambridge. Intending students should apply to the Registrary of the University, Registry, Cambridge.

—The spread of the English language over the world seems to make steady progress, though the phenomena of the movement are those of recession as well as procession. Education by means of the English language in the Government and private schools of China, Korea, and Japan does not make the progress expected by sanguine prophets of a decade ago. Nevertheless, English still holds its own in those schools where it has always been taught thoroughly rather than superficially. Furthermore, in each of the three countries, there are journals which are bilingual, giving the Asiatic script on one page and the Roman on the other. In Japan there is at least one paper published in English by Japanese, the matter being furnished almost entirely by native scholars. The *Far East* comes to us in a neat pamphlet form containing forty pages of body articles and notes, in which almost every phase of Japanese and Oriental life is discussed. Unusual ability seems to be shown in treating those questions and problems which belong to Japan as a comparatively new member of the family of nations governed by much the same rules of intercourse. The *Sun*, a semi-monthly review of politics, economics, science, literature, and art, which seems to be a sort of combination of the *Century* and the *North American Review*, comes freighted with illustrations and papers on science, fiction, education, history, literature, and commerce, by men who occupy the highest literary ranks in the empire. The latest number in our hands, dated July 5, is vol. ii., No. 14, and the signs of prosperity in the advertisements and otherwise are patent. One of the most striking articles is entitled "The Labor Problem in Japan." It is written in English by Mr. S. Takano. This is but one of nearly a dozen articles already published in the same language in the *Sun*.

—Mr. Takano's article is brief but strong. He protests strenuously against the inhumanity shown, on the part of the leading men in Japan, in a total disregard for the interest of the laboring people. In their greedy, almost ferocious ambition to forge ahead in the race for the prize of supremacy in foreign commerce, they have forgotten the common duties of humanity. He insists that Western civilization in its best sense is limited in Japan to the higher classes only. The working people are sacrificed, physically and morally, to the ambitions of influential men who bitterly oppose legislation for the protection and im-

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provement of factory operatives. Even in June of this year, at a general convention of delegates from the chambers of commerce throughout the country, a proposition to advise the Government to enact a law for the protection of factory hands was unanimously rejected, on the ground that such protection was not necessary at present and would be a *hindrance to the greater growth of Japanese industry*. (The italics are ours.) When it is considered that there are now nearly fifty cotton mills in Japan (there being none in 1878), which run on an average twenty-two hours a day, and 10 per cent. of the male spinners and 23 per cent. of the female spinners are children under fifteen years, with an average of eleven working hours a day, the danger is evident. It is not astonishing that in Osaka, which has fifteen of the largest mills, ninety-four out of one hundred applicants in the city for enlistment in the army were rejected on the ground of physical disability. There are other dangers in this violent change in the conditions of Japanese life. Those who work on alternate weeks at night get no extra compensation for their labor. Furthermore, the mill operatives are under police espionage, and are not allowed to meet or combine for public discussion and action. A "hand" discharged from one mill for bad conduct cannot, within a year, get work in another factory. The mill-owners are amply protected, while the working people have, under existing conditions, little possibility of sharing in the general advance of the country. Though Mr. Takano, who seems to be familiar with the history of labor and modern industrial methods in other countries, treats only of the cotton industry, he adds, "Low wages, long working hours, child labor, black list—such are the conditions existing in the cotton-spinning industry, and similar conditions are confronting the workers of other trades which are run under the modern system of industry. . . . But how long will the workers remain in their semi-conscious condition?" He calls on the leaders and statesmen to avert what he calls "the impending disaster."

RECENT POETRY.

Don Quixote, in discoursing with a youth who is to compete for a prize of poetry, advises him to "contrive to carry off the second prize, for the first always goes by favor or personal standing, the second by simple justice." This wise counsel seems to have ruled the terms of competition among recent poets, in both England and the United States, except that Mr. Swinburne, in venturing on the ground of Lord Tennyson, probably has higher aspirations, certainly not destined to fulfilment. The new metre he has devised for his 'Tale of Balen' (Scribners) has ingenuity for a merit, and that alone; it misses the simple vigor of the ballad measure, yet attains to nothing more, and is in marked contrast to the sustained vigor and rhythmic sweetness of the Tennysonian idyls; while to compare it with the honeyed melody which is identified with Swinburne himself, or with the salt-sea vigor of his "Song in Time of Order," is to apply a test too pathetically severe. The mere story of the twin heroes is told as well as Tennyson told it—and more at length, if that be a merit—but they jog along side by side, through many pages, at an unvarying canter like this (p. 2):

> "And glad in spirit and sad in soul,
> With dream and doubt of days that roll
> As waves that race and find no goal,
> Rode on by brush and brake and bole
> A Northern child of earth and sea,
> Radiant: the heavens of night and day
> Shone less than shone before his way
> His ways and days to be."

Here we have Swinburne's old mannerism of alliteration; his initial letters jingle a little, like the trappings of a knight, but they cease to charm, and in no other respect do we recognize the old time master of melody. But the metre itself suggests hopelessly that of "The Lady of Shalott," with this difference, that Tennyson's poem under that name is far briefer and more highly dramatic, and, moreover, that the delicate ear of its author relieved it by the variation of such lines as

> "In the stormy east-wind straining
> The pale yellow woods were waning,"

which wholly balance the jog-trot inevitable where the octosyllable alone is used. The truth is, that it took all Tennyson's unequalled resources to save even "The Lady of Shalott" from becoming monotonous; and how much less can the present poem escape that fate? Swinburne never once, like Tennyson in the lines above quoted, passes from the iambic to the trochaic measure; and the only case in which he seems to be really trying to put a little lilt into his cadence is in the following, which can hardly be called euphonious (p. 16):

> "Strode Balen in his poor array
> Forth, and took heart of grace to pray
> The damsel suffer even him to assay
> His power to set her free."

Here the damsel can hardly be said to be "radiantly attended" by the syllables linked with her in this third line. It is to be counted for righteousness to Mr. Swinburne that he dedicates this later work, not unpoetically, to his mother. We cannot recall that 'Laus Veneris' had any such filial and pious inscription.

The sonnets grouped in a thin volume under the name of 'The Purple East: A Series of Sonnets on England's Desertion of Armenia,' by William Watson (Chicago: Stone & Kimball), do not, like one or two of Milton's sonnets, win the double crown of heroism and poetic triumph, and will not, perhaps, increase Watson's fame in the latter direction; but they show a heroic philanthropy and a superb fighting quality. Perhaps the latter gift is a little too manifest in the direction of personal attack on the Laureate in the preface, and in the three sonnets of rejoinder beginning with that called "The Bard-in-Waiting." But, after all, it is that kind of excess of which Emerson wished that the American Abolitionists might never rid themselves, and we demur only because Mr. Austin seems rather too fragile a butterfly to be broken upon so very vigorous a wheel. Another of the three sonnets especially addressed to the Laureate is the following (p. 33):

> LEISURED JUSTICE.
>
> "She bides her hour." And must I then believe
> That when the day of peril is o'erpast,
> She who was great because so oft she cast
> All thought of peril to the waves that heave
> Against her feet, shall greatly unperceive
> Her purblind son who dreamed she shrank aghast
> From Duty's signal, and shall act at last
> When there is naught remaining to retrieve?
> At last! when the last altar is defiled
> And there are no more maidens to deflower—
> When the last mother folds with famished arms
> To her dead bosom her last butchered child—
> Then shall our England, throned beyond alarms,
> Rise in her might! Till then, "she bides her hour."

Mr. and Mrs. William Sharp, who have done good service to both English and American verse through their volumes of selections, afford a little disappointment in their 'Lyra Celtica,' and this, indeed, seems to have been anticipated by the former of the two when he apologizes, in the very first lines of his preface, for having to "deal cursorily with a great and fascinating subject." The editors cover too much space in the geographical and chronological boundaries of their selection—including, for instance, Ossianic, Armorican, Cornish, and Breton poetry—and yet giving greater space in proportion when they pass to modern and very accessible lays. Then the principle of selection is puzzling; it bewilders the brain to open a Celtic Lyre from which Burns and Scott and Moore are excluded, while Byron is let in; and this is not relieved even when explained, because the explanations themselves are contradictory. Thus, on p. xxiv of the introduction, we are told that "Scott was of the ancient stock, and not the typical Lowlander he is so often designated," and that "it is still a debatable point if Burns was not more Celtic than Lowland—that is, by paternal as well as maternal descent"; and it is only claimed for Byron that, although "far more British than Scottish, and again more Scottish than Celtic," he had yet "a strong Celtic strain in his blood." The question naturally arises, if a minimum of Celtic strain admits Byron, why should a maximum leave Scott and Burns excluded? Then, on p. xliii, the editor seems to take back his own words, and says, "To avoid confusion, the editor has refrained from representing poets whose Celtic strain is more or less obviously disputable; hence the wise ignoring of the claims even of Scott and Burns. Byron was more Celtic in blood than in brain, and is represented really by virtue of this accidental kinship." Mr. Sharp undoubtedly knows how to reconcile these statements, but we confess ourselves unable to do it; we only know that it will appear to the general reader that the part of *Hamlet* has been omitted from the tragedy.

Again, even among distinctly Irish writers, we look in vain for various well-known favorites, as for instance, Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon," or that vigorous poem "Gougane Barra," by poor Callanan, who vainly thought that he alone had waked Erin's harp from her slumber. But we have instead a good deal that is attractive from the Bodley Head poets, and Mr. Sharp crosses the Atlantic to include Mr. Carman and Miss Ellen Hutchinson, on the ground that the latter is "descended from old Highland stock." Are there many American bards, great or small, who have not somewhere on the family tree a Scotch or Irish twig? The effect of the whole book is somewhat hasty and hap-hazard, though the biographical notes at the end are perhaps to be excepted from this criticism.

'Poems and Ballads by Robert Louis Stevenson' (Scribners) is what seems a final and definitive collection of this author's poems, made up of 'A Child's Garden of Verses,' almost always charming; of 'Underwoods,' frequently so, but very unequal and occasionally unpleasant; and of 'Ballads' of Scotland or the South Sea Islands, which, although usually grim, have a vast deal of local and poetic interest. On the whole, the effect of the book is rather sad, as suggesting a slight insecurity in the tenure of the author's fame, which seemed but yesterday so certain. Perhaps this little blank-verse fragment, which suggests the brief felicities of Landor's verse, is a profounder summary of the author's career than any which the most sympathizing friend could have framed (p. 268):

> "We uncommiserate pass into the night
> From the loud banquet, and departing leave
> A tremor in men's memories, faint and sweet
> And frail as music. Features of our face,
> The tones of the voice, the touch of the loved hand,
> Perish and vanish, one by one, from earth;
> Meanwhile, in the hall of song, the multitude
> Applauds the new performer. One, perchance,
> One ultimate survivor lingers on,

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And smiles, and to his ancient heart recalls
The long-forgotten. Ere the morrow die,
He, too, returning, through the curtain comes,
And the new age forgets us and goes on."

Among minor American poems, 'My Rosary,' by Gustav Kobbé (Richmond), and 'Lays of a Wandering Minstrel,' by Anne Virginia Culbertson (Lippincott), are both apparently compilations by public readers of those among their own poems which have found favor with hearers. For the first-named the author justly claims in his preface that the book is a very little one; and the latter contains a variety of dialect poems—negro, Irish, and rustic American—which have probably had success with audiences easy to satisfy. 'Songs without Answer,' by Irene Putnam (Putnams), is of a different and more meditative strain; and while some of it is trite, there are some fine and sympathetic delineations of humble, outdoor things, as this (p. 53):

THE MAIDEN-HAIR.

O Maiden-hair, that in this covert place
Dost float on air thy fronds of circled grace,
Where forest sunbeams, golden-green with gloom,
The fairy life net of thy veins illume;

Thou wing-like form, thou sweet poetic plan,
Divine, self-poised, beyond the search of man,
How frail thy raiment from the mould is wrought,
How strong in thee shines Beauty's perfect thought!

Thou hangest like a sign upon the door
Of unknown realms, while entrance, nothing more,
Thou makest on the dim, material scene—
Oh, tell me of that Inner World's serene!

My dull, dark thoughts, like satyrs round the feet
Of heavenly Una, list for knowledge sweet;
I crave new sense of Beauty, Law, and Good.
Oh, teach me, gentle fern-soul of the wood!

In 'The Lamp of Gold' (Chicago: Way & Williams), Miss Florence L. Snow takes the seven branches of the candlestick, to which Hawthorne's Hilda attached such mystic meaning, and gives to each seven sonnets, making forty-nine in all. The work is thoughtfully and even beautifully conceived and carefully executed; but very few poets can venture on a sequence of sonnets, and she has chosen the Shaksperian form, which is now less in favor than the Petrarchan, and really—which is more important—admits of less richness and variety. Her seven symbolic branches are The Sacred Fire; Daybreak; Mid morning; Noon; Western Windows; Eventide; The Perfect Light.

The junior editor of Emily Dickinson's poems (Mrs. Mabel Loomis Todd) has been induced by the popular interest in previous series to select still a third volume, this being facilitated by the discovery of an unexpected deposit (Boston: Roberts Bros.). The curious fame of this author is something unique in literature, being wholly posthumous and achieved without puffing or special effort, and, indeed, quite contrary to the expectation of both editors and publishers. No volumes of American poetry, not even the most popular of Longfellow's, have had so wide or so steady a sale. On the other hand, the books met with nothing but vehement hostility and derision on the part of leading English critics, and the sale of the first volume, when reprinted there, did not justify the issue of a second. The sole expressed objection to them, in the English mind, lay in their defects or irregularities of manner; and yet these were not nearly so defiant as those exhibited by Whitman, who has always been more unequivocally accepted in England than at home. There is, however, ample evidence that to a minority, at least, of English readers, Emily Dickinson is very dear. Some consideration is also due to the peculiarly American quality of the landscape, the birds, the flowers, she delineates. What does an Englishman know of the bobolink, the whippoorwill, the Baltimore oriole, even of the American robin or blue-jay? These have hardly been recognized as legitimate stock-properties in poetry, either on the part of the London press or of that portion of the American which calls itself "cosmopolitan." To use them is still regarded, as when Emerson and Lowell were censured for their use, "a foolish affectation of the familiar." Why not stick to the conventional skylark and nightingale? Yet, as a matter of fact, if we may again draw upon Don Quixote's discourse to the poet, it is better that a Spaniard should write as a Spaniard and a Dutchman as a Dutchman. If Emily Dickinson wishes to say, in her description of a spirit, "'Tis whiter than an Indian pipe" (p. 156), let her say it, although no person born out of her own land may ever have seen that wondrous ghost of a flower (*Monotropa uniflora*, or Indian pipe) which appears on the cover of her volumes, but unhappily in a blaze of gilding that makes it meaningless. Perhaps, in the end, the poet who is truest to his own country may best reach all others. An eminent American librarian, lately visiting England, made it a practice to inquire in the country bookstores what American poet was most in demand with their customers, and was amazed at the discovery that it was usually Whittier.

It is needless to say that Miss Dickinson's poetry achieves its success, in spite of all its flagrant literary faults, by what Ruskin describes as "the perfection and precision of the instantaneous line." She is to be tested, not by her attitude, but by her shot. Does she hit the mark? As a rule she does. Is it a question what a book represents to a human being? This is her answer—only eight lines, but they tell the story (p. 29):

A BOOK.

There is no frigate like a book
To take us leagues away,
Nor any coursers like a page
Of prancing poetry.
This traverse may the poorest take
Without oppress of toll;
How frugal is the chariot
That bears a human soul!

Again, how many a heart has been vaguely touched in some old and neglected country cemetery by the thought so tersely uttered here (p. 157):

THE MONUMENT.

She laid her docile crescent down,
And this mechanic stone
Still states, to dates that have forgot,
The news that she is gone.

So constant to its stolid trust,
The shaft that never knew,
It shames the constancy that fled
Before its emblem flew.

The "docile crescent" may be supposed to imply that the life commemorated was immature, and ended while yet expanding.

It is known that Miss Dickinson very rarely gave a title to her poems, and it is to be presumed that in this volume, as in the others, these are supplied by the editor. The fourfold division, "Life," "Love," "Nature," "Time and Eternity," is that preserved in the earlier volumes, and the tolerably equal distribution of the poems into the four departments suggests that this strange, secluded life, seemingly wayward, had in reality a method and balance of its own. It is noticeable, also, that in a few of the poems (as on pp. 79, 200) there is an unexampled regularity of form, beyond anything to be found in the earlier volumes, and perhaps hinting at a growing tendency in her mind. This "Song," for instance (p. 79), surprises the reader, trained to the Dickinsonian muse, with an almost startling commonplaceness of melody. It was apparently sent with a flower:

SONG.

Summer for thee grant I may be
When summer days are flown!
Thy music still when whippoorwill
And oriole are done!

For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb
And sow my blossoms o'er;
Pray gather me, Anemone,
Thy flower forevermore.

THE MINERAL INDUSTRY.

The Mineral Industry: Its Statistics, Technology, and Trade, for 1895. Edited by R. P. Rothwell. New York: Scientific Publishing Co. 1896.

THIS is the fourth of a series of annual volumes, which, as their title indicates, not only deal with the statistics of the world's mineral industry, but contain papers by eminent miners and metallurgists, which describe and discuss the latest inventions and most improved practice in those important branches of human activity. They therefore cover a wider scope than such publications as Wagner's *Jahrbericht* and other compilations and summaries of scientific progress. They occupy, however, substantially the same field as a series of annual reports which have been issued by the United States Geological Survey since 1883 on the 'Mineral Resources of the United States.' It seems as if the publication annually of two such voluminous and costly works involved a waste of energy. On the part of the Government it is argued, that the failure at any time of the private publication would occasion a gap in the continuity of information on an important national subject which it is its duty to supply. Moreover, the Government compilers contend that information is confidentially vouchsafed them which would not be intrusted to a commercial editor and publisher. On the other hand, the editor of the 'Mineral Industry' may point to the fact, in justification of his duplication in part of the Government volume, that the great demand for his work warrants its publication, and that the greater promptness with which it is issued adds infinitely to its value as a body of statistics, by which prices and the current of trade are to a certain extent regulated. It is curious that governments, not only our own, but those of Europe, with unlimited money and human brains and hands at command, are so dilatory in the issuance of such documents that private enterprise invariably outstrips them in priority.

Though statistics are looked upon as the very dry bones of literature, and in truth are so, nevertheless, being such, they are the skeleton upon which every economic argument and conclusion is based. And to-day, when the most vital and intricate questions of political and social science have been removed from the calm atmosphere of the schools into the noisy arena of party politics, a volume of statistics and technical information becomes of necessity a handbook for all who would judge for themselves, and who hesitate to accept either the figures or the deductions of the campaign orator. Looked at from this point of view, the statistics of iron and steel and of gold and silver are of peculiar interest; as the manufacturers of the former are the principal instigators and main financial supporters of the party which advocates a high protective tariff, and the two precious metals are the counters with which the most reckless game of politics ever indulged in by a great people is being played.

We stood in 1895 at the head of the iron and

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steel producers of the world, having made 9,597,447 tons of pig iron as against 8,022 006 tons made by Great Britain, and 6,212.671 tons of steel, as against only some 3.000.000 tons made by her. We manufacture our iron, with insignificant exceptions, from domestic ores. Our chief rival draws her ores in great measure from foreign sources. That we have made such rapid strides within a few years as to overtake and then forge far ahead of all competitors is, not without warrant, attributable to the high protective duty which secured such enormous profits to the large manufacturers, who were favorably situated, as to stimulate their activity, if not their cupidity, to an inordinate degree. Under that stimulus our production has outstripped that of any other people, and the cost of production, by reason of the more complete and universal substitution of machinery for hand labor, and the possession of extraordinarily rich and large deposits of raw material, has probably sunk to, if not below, that of any other of the fraternity of iron and steel-making nations. Not only do our bridge companies, by the more scientific and skilful economy of material, carry off most of the large foreign contracts, but it is no secret that one of our large rail manufacturers has shipped steel rails to our neighbor and to Japan during the past year at a figure many dollars below the combination price, and therefore below that at which Great Britain or Belgium could supply them. Nevertheless, these manufacturers seem still to be dissatisfied, and anxious not only to perpetuate but to increase the duty, and thus, if the combination continues to hold together, extort a still more exorbitant tribute from our railroads and the public.

How autocratically this powerful Trust conducts its business, one may judge from the following extract:

"On June 30 a meeting of the rail-makers was held, and as the growing business improvement was then manifest, an increase to $24 per ton at mill was ordered. To this, perhaps, no serious objection would have been offered, as prices of other descriptions of iron and steel had begun to rise, though the cost of fuel and raw materials to most of the rail-makers was practically unchanged. The combination was not yet satisfied, however, and three months later, in September, another meeting was held, at which the price was raised to $28 per ton at mill. This action was taken in face of the fact that orders for rails continued to be much lighter than had been expected, and its direct effect has been to discourage purchases. The combination, in its eagerness for profit, probably overlooked two important facts: first, that the recovery in earnings had not yet passed the point which required strict economy in expenses; and, second, that the railroad tracks are now very largely laid with steel, and that renewals can be postponed for a certain length of time without seriously compromising the safety of operation. The result has been that the rail business has not shown the same growth as other branches of the trade. A few of the great companies—like the Pennsylvania—have placed their orders, though on a restricted scale, while many companies have held out altogether. With regard to the rate, it must be remembered that rails are almost the simplest and least costly form in which finished steel can be put upon the market, and that the profit upon their manufacture at the present price is out of all proportion to that obtained on other products under normal conditions. The rail combination continues to control the trade absolutely."

It will, however, come about, in the natural course of events, if our capacity for production continues to grow with the same vigorous rate of speed as of late years, that our actual production will so largely overreach home consumption that the bulk of our iron and steel, probably in finished manufactured form, will enter the competitive market of the world. When that stage is reached, as it has already been in the copper trade, a high tariff will have to adopt some other epithet than "protective," and its continuance be supported by other arguments than those which satisfy the mass of people to-day.

The statistics of gold and silver reproduce simply those of the Director of the Mint. They confirm the fact that though the gold production of the world in 1895 was the largest in history, that of silver was also greater than has ever been recorded for a single year, even when silver was at 16 to 1. The world's production of gold in 1895 was 1,010,166 ounces in excess of that in 1894, and of this excess 341,993 ounces are to be credited to this country. The world's production of silver in 1895 was 3,182 630 ounces in excess of that in 1894, though this country fell off 3,465,640 ounces. The main increase came from Mexico, and this fact might be used as an argument for free silver were it not that in Bolivia, which is the third largest producer in the world and is also a silver country, there was nearly as great a loss in production as there was a gain in Mexico. Australasia showed a gain of 1,794,825 ounces of silver, though its currency is on a gold basis. It would therefore be difficult to draw an argument for either mono- or bimetallism from the statistics of the past year. The truth is, the statistics and experience of mining and metallurgy leave little doubt that what has happened in the case of all other metals will come about in the case of silver. The lower value will necessitate increased production by the large mines, so as to secure a large gross profit on a small margin per ounce. It will also demand the introduction of improved machinery and the invention and adoption of better methods of treatment. Small mines will pass out of existence. The large mines will be worked more actively and economically, and the yield of silver as a by-product from copper and other metals will steadily and notably increase. A lower price will thus augment rather than diminish production, once recovery has been made from the sudden shock of the rapid fall in price. This, however, it must be borne in mind, has been no greater than has befallen iron, copper, and lead. It was more rapid and therefore more startling, and has derived exaggerated importance from its political bearing.

The Life of James McCosh: A Record Chiefly Autobiographical. Edited by William Milligan Sloane, with Portraits. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dr. McCosh was born at Carskeoch on the Doon, a few miles from Ayr, and his reminiscences of the Burns country are among the most interesting portions of a book which bears in every part the marks of careless preparation. How the social life of the region helped to make Burns what he was, and how he helped the social life to sink to lower levels—these things are well brought out. The reticence and repression of the Scot are illustrated by the response of a heart-broken father bending over the coffin of his son to some well-meant words of consolation: "This is a fine day, sir." At Edinburgh University young McCosh came under the influence of Chalmers and Sir William Hamilton, and his subsequent life was little more than an attempt to reconcile in himself and for others the religious temper of the former with the philosophy of the latter. His first parish was at Arbroath in the presbytery of Ayr, and took the side of the new Evangelicals in opposition to the Moderates. One of his painful duties was to break the news of their husbands' death to the wives of sailors and fishermen in his parish. This he did by engaging them in prayer or reading them the chapter describing the raising of Lazarus; but they generally discovered his drift before he finished the chapter. His second parish was at Brechin, after declining overtures from Grey Friars Church in Edinburgh and so making clear the way for Guthrie's proof of his ability to hold that great position. McCosh was at Brechin from 1839 until 1851, a period coinciding with the "Great Disruption" and the establishment of the Free Kirk. Actively interested in the secession, it is strange that he could write of it with so little feeling and add so little to our previous impressions. In his own parish eight hundred members joined the Free Kirk and six hundred remained in the Established Church.

In 1850 he published a book which had much popular success, 'The Method of the Divine Government, Physical and Moral.' Chalmers was more in evidence in it than Hamilton, and it was ultimately superseded by Dr. McCosh's later works; but in its day it had one notable result for its author: it made him Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. He held the chair from 1851 until 1868, when he was made President of Princeton College. Thackeray honored his coming to Belfast with a poem in *Punch*, "The Last Irish Grievance," significant of the wrath of the Irish public over the importation of a Scotch professor. In 1855, collaborating with Prof. Dickie, a colleague in Queen's College, he published 'Typical Forms and Special Ends in Creation,' a strong statement of the theistic argument from design. "What really ruined the run of this book was the appearance, soon after its publication, of Darwin's 'Origin of Species,' which carried the whole controversy into new regions." Prof. Dickie, already irritated by McCosh's taking the lion's share of credit for the book, was spoiled by Darwin's sudden fame from following his lead, though, like Agassiz in America, he was one of the most obvious of his forerunners. Dr. McCosh, on the contrary, yielded to Darwin in course of time a qualified assent, and his place in the history of theology is among the most ingenious of those who have endeavored to reconcile the Darwinian science with the traditional theology. Probably at no stage of the development was the reconciliation such as to commend itself to any thoroughly consistent scientist, and even the theologians have discovered that terms so favorable to themselves could not be expected; but those who soften the jolt of the transition from the old ways to the new are useful members of society if, as purveyors of pure thought, they are not much esteemed.

A chapter on Dr. McCosh's travels in Germany is surprising from a certain feebleness of stroke where he is writing of Humboldt, Bunsen, and others famous in the walks of science and theology. An amusing circumstance is that we have three different and widely varying accounts of one and the same matter. Dr. McCosh had worked out a theory of correspondence between the venation of leaves and the ramification of trees. In his autobiographical notes he tells us that he brought the matter to Humboldt's attention, who said he had noticed the correspondence but had found two exceptions; but upon McCosh's explaining these exceptions in conformity with his theory, he declared himself thoroughly convinced and said, "You may say that I think

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so to any one." "On getting this sanction," says Dr. McCosh, "I stopped giving so much time to my botanical observations and turned towards psychical studies, which were ever my favorite ones." In a letter, however, written at the time, he says that when Humboldt mentioned the exceptions, he was "on the point of disputing with him, but thought better to stop." In a third place he writes that when, in Germany, he found that Dr. Braun and others had anticipated his discovery and given it a mathematical formula, he was somewhat mortified and turned away from botany and gave himself to metaphysics.

His own account of his philosophical career is extremely slight, as if his mind had lost its grip on the studies which had formerly engrossed it, and it is a pity that Prof. Sloane did not bring to his aid the pen of some acknowledged master in the metaphysical school. His eleventh chapter deals with the Doctor's philosophy and teaching, but with the former much too hastily. We are told frankly that he never understood Hegel. If he had done so, he would probably have been strongly attracted to his epistemology, for to make sure that we know reality, and know that we know it, was "the main region of his song." It was at this point that he broke with Hamilton, Mansel, Spencer, and Mill. "It was impossible, he felt, to accept the relativity of knowledge and construct a sound philosophy of life; to accept evolutionary empiricism on the one hand, or idealism in any form on the other, and avoid drifting into agnosticism." It was in defence of this position that in 1860 he published 'The Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Considered.' It fought a losing battle (at the time) with much vehemence and eloquence, but it does not seem likely to rank high among the books that are significant in the philosophical development of its time. It is impossible to avoid the impression that Dr. McCosh was from first to last a theologian by first intention, and that his scientific and philosophical opinions were always subject to the desires of his mind as a Presbyterian clergyman.

We have four autobiographical chapters on Dr. McCosh's presidency at Princeton. They are written with great simplicity and with becoming modesty. They reflect a vigorous material development, and the shrewdness of the Scotch divine in loosening the purse-strings of rich men whenever a new building was wanted or a new department of instruction. The number of students more than doubled under his administration. He began with ten professors, four tutors, two teachers, and ended with thirty-five professors, with several tutors, lecturers, and assistants. That the methods of teaching and administration showed a corresponding gain is probable. But it is evident that we cannot expect a critical estimate of Dr. McCosh's collegiate work from his own hand, and for his biographer to furnish it would perhaps have been ungracious, if not impossible. His book, as a whole, must be accounted a memorial of loyal affection, making its appeal to Princeton men, as such, rather than a final judgment of the ability and performance of a gentleman and a scholar who tasted the joy of both work and battle with an equal mind.

The Winning of the West. By Theodore Roosevelt. Vol. IV., Louisiana and the Northwest, 1791–1807. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1896.

THE years embraced in the scope of Mr. Roosevelt's latest volume were important ones in the history of the West, and they have an especial interest at the present time. The author points out that, in the last decade of the eighteenth century, the acute friction was not between North and South, but between East and West. The closing years of the nineteenth century seem to show once more that "East is East and West is West." The period was marked by such events as the attacks on the Northwestern Indians—a contest into which the frontiersman drew the reluctant Eastern authorities—and by the final aspects of Western disaffection in the struggle for the navigation of the Mississippi.

This struggle furnishes continuity to much of Western history in these years, and it has various interesting phases. It revealed itself in the renewed Spanish intrigues; in George Rogers Clark's attempt to organize a Western expedition in order to carry out Genet's plan of seizing Louisiana for France; in Pinckney's treaty; in Senator Blount's intrigue to replace Spain in Louisiana by England; in the Louisiana purchase, and in Burr's conspiracy. Mr. Roosevelt makes an excellent point when he emphasizes this "current of tendency" in the winning of the West. He calls attention to the fact that Burr's conspiracy was merely one of various Western conspiracies in which men like Wilkinson and Sebastian bore a part; and that the conquest of Texas did not stand apart from the general current of Western history. Its significance is misunderstood when treated solely in relation to the plans of the slaveholders:

"The feats performed by Austin and Houston and the other founders of the Texan republic were identical in kind with the feats merely attempted or partially performed by the men who, like Morgan, Elijah Clark, and George Rogers Clark, at various times either sought to found colonies in the Spanish-speaking lands under Spanish authority, or else strove to conquer these lands outright by force of arms. Boone settled in Missouri when it was still under the Spanish Government, and himself accepted a Spanish commission."

Mr. Roosevelt has drawn on the manuscript sources noted in his previous volumes for material not before used; but he does not seem to have made an effort to use foreign archives for the purpose of giving an independent treatment to the diplomatic history of the West in this eventful era. The most significant event of the period was doubtless the purchase of Louisiana, but Mr. Roosevelt adds nothing to the work of Henry Adams on this topic, and he relies upon Coues for his account of the explorations of Lewis and Clark and Pike.

The volume has excellent material on the economic and social aspects of the "men of the Western waters." The author seems to have modified the views expressed in his previous volume with regard to a lack of unison between these communities, and he now exhibits the solidarity and homogeneity of the West. Even more interesting than the pictures of frontier society are the brilliant accounts of St. Clair's defeat and Wayne's victory. Mr. Roosevelt sees the impossibility of restraining the backwoodsman's advance, and he deals with the Indian relations with a leaning, if any, toward the forces which, with all their grimness and harshness, were advance-guards of civilization.

The author's enthusiasm for a vigorous foreign policy leads him to devote considerable space to denunciations of "the cowardly infamy" of Jefferson and Madison, for their failure to put the country on a firmer military basis; and he takes occasion to deliver a warning to Americans of the present day "that, as a nation, they have erred far more often in not being willing enough to fight than in being too willing." Jefferson also receives severe treatment in respect to Genet's Western intrigue. Mr. Roosevelt believes that while openly he supported Washington's policy of neutrality, "secretly he was engaged in tortuous intrigues against Washington, and was thwarting his wishes so far as he dared in regard to Genet." He asserts, without evidence, that it is "impossible" that Jefferson should not have known that Michaux was Genet's secret agent to promote the French expedition in the West, when he gave him an introduction to Governor Shelby of Kentucky. This is, in effect, charging Jefferson with complicity in Genet's purpose to seize Louisiana for France. The probabilities are against such a view, and the charge is too grave a one to be made lightly and without adducing evidence. In this connection it may be added that Mr. Roosevelt fails to show how far the authorities in France authorized Genet's plans for the seizure of Louisiana, and what the real status of George Rogers Clark was in relation to the French Government.

Mr. Roosevelt's treatment of Jefferson illustrates the impetuosity and recklessness of assertion which occasionally mar the pages of a work that for the most part exhibits real power of historical criticism, an insight into relations, and sound judgment. There are marks of hasty publication in this volume, as in the prior one of the series, shown in careless proof-reading, loose citations, and so on. It is an error to map the Louisiana purchase, as the author does, with "vaguely defined boundaries," following, nevertheless, in part the lines of the treaty of 1819, and including the Oregon territory while omitting Texas. No mention is made of so important a subject as the Whiskey Insurrection and its connections with the Mississippi question and with the earlier new-State movements in western Pennsylvania.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ashton, John. When William IV. was King. Appletons. $3.50.
Balzac, H. de. The Country Parson. London: Dent; New York: Macmillan. $1.50.
Canton, William. W. V. Her Book, and Various Verses. Stone & Kimball.
Dickinson, G. L. The Greek View of Life. London: Methuen & Co.
Earle, Mary T. The Wonderful Wheel. Century Co.
Eckstein, Ernst. Preisgekrönt. Henry Holt & Co. 30c.
Gillet, Prof. J. A. Elementary Algebra. Henry Holt & Co. $1.35.
Hale, Prof. E. E., jr. Constructive Rhetoric. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Hale, W. B. Handbook on the Law of Torts. St. Paul West Publishing Co. $3.75.
Howe, W. W. Studies in the Civil Law, and its Relations to the Law of England and America. Boston: Little, Brown & Co
King, Pauline. Paper Doll Poems. Century Co. 75c.
Linden, Annie. "Gold": A Dutch-Indian Story. Century Co.
Littell's Living Age. July-Sept., 1896. Boston: *Living Age* Co.
Macleod, Fiona. The Washer of the Ford: Legendary Moralities and Barbaric Tales. Stone & Kimball.
Mathews, William. Nugæ Litterariæ. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.50.
Newkirk, Garrett. Rhymes of the States. Century Co. $1.
Oxford Teacher's Bible. Henry Frowde.
Perry, Nora. Three Little Daughters of the Revolution. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75c.
Petrie, Prof. W. M. F. A History of Egypt during the XVIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties. Vol. II. Scribners. $2.25.
Rodenbough, Gen. T. F., and Haskin, Maj. W. L. The Army of the United States: Historical Sketches. Maynard, Merrill & Co. $5.
Rolfe, W. J. The Elementary Study of English. Harpers. 36c.
Roosevelt, Theodore. Ranch Life and the Hunting-Trail. Century Co.
Santayana, Prof. George. The Sense of Beauty. Scribners. $1.50
Sawyer, F. E. Notes and Half-Notes. Putnams. $1.
Shaler, Prof. N. S. American Highways. Century Co. $1.50.
Shiel, M. P. The Rajah's Sapphire. Ward, Lock & Bowden.
Sunday Reading for the Young. E. & J. B. Young. $1.25.
The Poems of Celia Thaxter. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Thompson, Prof. H. D. Elementary Solid Geometry and Mensuration. Macmillan. $1.25.

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Tiffany, W. C. Handbook on the Law of Persons and Domestic Relations. St Paul: West Publishing Co. $3.75
Todd, Mary I. Deborah the Advanced Woman. Boston: *Arena* Publishing Co. $1.25.
Trowbridge, J. T. The Prize Cup. Century Co. $1.50.
Westover, Cynthia M. Bushy: A Romance Founded on Fact. New York: Morse Co. $1.50.
Whiting, Lilian. The World Beautiful. Second Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. $1.
Whymper, Edward. Travels amongst the Great Andes of the Equator. Scribners. $2.50.
Wright, Julia McN. Cynthia's Sons. New York: National Temperance Society. $1.25.
Yonge, Charlotte M. The Wardship of Steepcoombe. Whittaker. $1.25.
Youmans, W. J. Pioneers of Science in America. Appletons. $4.

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